FIFTEEN CE

New MASSES

The World Youth Congress
RICHARD H. ROVERE

Meeting the Japanese
Two English Writers Report
W. H. AUDEN
C. ISHERWOOD

Challenging the Movie Monopoly
JAMES DUGAN

Mexico's Liberty Leaguers
MARC FRANK

Why Not Be Selfish?
GRANVILLE HICKS

Count Kabayama's Mission
THEODORE DRAPER

John Strachey's 'What Are We to Do?'
Reviewed by
BRUCE MINTON

Cartoons by Gropper, Bartlett, Snow, and Others

ON THE COVER
Will Hays
TURN TO PAGE 5

AUG. 16, 1938

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t's What

PAUL HARTMANN writes to
rom Honolulu:
ıt your 'new subscriptions'
ɔ, permit me to inform you
e are even now more middle-
l professional persons (espe-

Between Ourselves

cially teachers) who are constant perusers of NEW MASSES than you may expect. I am an everyday chair-warmer in the capacious magazine reading-room of the Library of Hawaii—which, by the way, is the most progressive public library I have ever come across. In the lobby's most conspicuous display space are two double-row book-racks, containing non-fiction new books for outside circulation. The latest Communist, Socialist, and other progressive and liberal books are among those daily changed and replenished, and every new book pertaining to the USSR is conspicuously placed and plainly marked 'Two-Week Book.'

"NEW MASSES and *Soviet Russia Today* are on the display shelves, enclosed in heavy binder-covers to prevent their being purloined. This innovation was instituted because of my repeated complaints of their persistent disappearance soon after arrival. Even so, it is difficult to get hold of either, because there is nearly always someone deeply immersed in their pages, while fiction and reactionary magazines lie begging for attention. At times they are out on loan cards; on such occasions I put my own copies on the shelf in the plainly marked spaces for them, so that eager readers may satisfy their progressive appetites. (I purchase my copies of NEW MASSES at a local newsstand, since I can't afford to pay for a yearly subscription in a lump sum, being on the "old-age assistance" dole and having no other income.) So, you see, NEW MASSES is more popular than you might suppose, at least in sugar-planter-dominated Honolulu and environs. I asked the lady in charge of the loan desk what happens to old numbers of NEW MASSES and *Soviet Russia Today,* and she told me that if they are not on the 'recent number' shelves they are out on circulation or on the library trucks that go around the island of Oahu on daily trips. Let's hope that this is so in other cities and towns on the mainland, as we call continental America in this paradisical (ouch) archipelago."

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

RICHARD H. ROVERE is on the staff of NEW MASSES. . . . Marc Frank, our Mexican correspondent, wrote an article on Standard Oil activities in Mexico in NEW MASSES of April 5. . . . George Macgregor is a student of South American affairs. . . . Christopher Isherwood and W. H. Auden, two young English writers, have collaborated on many works, including *Ascent of F-6.* They recently returned from a trip to China. . . . A collected edition of the poetry of William Carlos Williams has been announced for early publication. . . . Ralph Ellison is a young Negro writer. . . . Mark Marvin is editor of *Theatre Workshop.* . . . Anthony Buttitta was formerly editor of *Contempo,* a literary journal published in Chapel Hill, N. C., and has contributed to the *Saturday Review of Literature* and other publications.

Flashbacks

CLIMAXING a wave of repression, cavalry rode with drawn sabers into a mass meeting of eighty thousand in Manchester, England, Aug. 16, 1819. Of those who met that day to demand reform, eleven were killed, four hundred wounded, including one hundred women. So enraged was poet Shelley that he wrote *The Mask of Anarchy,* concluding:

And these words shall then become
Like Oppression's thundered doom
Ringing through each heart and brain,
Heard again—again—again!

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number!
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many, they are few!

Liberal editor Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner,* to whom the poem was submitted, later commented: "I did not insert it because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse."

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THE WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS

They Will Come from Fifty-two Countries to Poughkeepsie Next Week

RICHARD H. ROVERE

THE outlines of the World Youth Congress were first set forth by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies in June 1933. The occasion was simply that fifteen years after the armistice the world was in the midst of economic depression; an aggressive war had been successfully waged in Manchuria, as before the first Congress Mussolini's legions would be deep in Ethiopia. New nationalisms were the order of the day, a super-nationalist had already taken power in Germany, and Europe was rearming at a rate as menacing as that of the days immediately preceding the World War.

Against that, independent youth organizations had sprung up throughout the world, most of them directly or indirectly participating in politics, all of them sincerely interested in preserving peace. These organizations, having seen the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference and the Economic Conference, organized by the League of Nations, were by no means sold on the efficacy of the old techniques, but all of them understood that there would be no peace save through cooperation. To that end the IFLNS—an international organization of people believing in the League of Nations idea, though not uncritical of its past performances—brought together representatives of the largest of these youth organizations, hoping that, through the Federation, a degree of integration and cooperation could be attained.

In Geneva, in the summer of 1936, the First World Youth Congress convened. There were tremendous difficulties in getting it underway. Delegations from Germany and Italy had been asked to participate and actually did so until a fortnight before the opening session. They then received orders from their governments to stay away and condemnatory statements were issued from the two large fascist countries. Succumbing to pressure from local reactionaries, the Swiss government decreed that at no time during Congress discussions could aggressor nations be mentioned by name. In various countries campaigns to discredit the Congress as a Communist undertaking were inaugurated and

Ad Reinhardt

these held back several organizations which had agreed to participate.

But the World Youth Congress was held in Geneva in 1936 and it did succeed in most of its objectives. Over seven hundred delegates came from thirty-five countries and declared that "the organization of collective security is indispensable." Glancing over the proceedings, one sees in what sense the Congress fulfilled its objectives. Differences of opinion were freely and vigorously expressed, hammered out in commissions, and minimum points of agreement stressed. Catholics, Protestants, Socialists, Communists put forward their ideas of the basic approach to international peace, national differences were studied. Out of the week of discussion came twelve solid-type pages of resolutions embodying in the main a sane and reliable program for the maintenance and extension of democracy within nations and between nations.

In less than a week the Second Youth Congress will open with a mass meeting at New York's Municipal Stadium on Randall's Island. From there the delegates will adjourn to Poughkeepsie for a week of deliberation similar to that in Geneva two years ago. This time Congress activities will revolve around four commissions studying The Political and Economic Organization of Peace, The Economic and Cultural Status of Youth and Its Relation to Peace, The Ethical and Philosophical Bases of Peace, and The International Role of Youth. This time delegates will come from fifty-two nations, and the estimate at present is that over 650 delegates and observers will attend.

At a general press conference in the Hotel New Yorker, I asked Miss Betty Shields-Collins, international secretary of the World Youth Congress and director of its Geneva office, what she considered to be the advantages of a Congress held in this country.

"It gets us away from the idea that Europe is the center of the world," she said, "and that has its advantages for both European and American Youth."

I could see what she meant. European youth could better be made to understand the possibility of receiving and the necessity of working for understanding between this and European nations; and American youth could see at close hand the internationalism, the indivisibility of peace and democracy. Miss Shields-Collins went on to explain the effect of the American-held Congress on delegates: "In Geneva there were four representatives from all South America; in Poughkeepsie there will be upward of 150. True, the European delegations will be somewhat smaller, but they are more familiar with World Youth Congress work."

I also asked Miss Shields-Collins about the differences in attitudes which she encountered in her work. For example, did young people in Europe even consider the possibility of isolating themselves from aggression, as long as there was aggression in the world?

"There is some isolationist sentiment among the youth of Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries," she explained, "but otherwise, as you in America know it, it is hardly a force to be contended with. I don't wish to minimize the difficulties, of course. There is apathy, hopelessness, and confusion in many

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places. In England large numbers have been influenced by the Aldous Huxley type of pacifism; but in general, wherever young people are able to express themselves freely, they realize the need for cooperation."

To date Catholic youth organizations in this country have refused to participate. I knew that this had been a problem of the Congress, and I asked Miss Shields-Collins about it. She pointed out that Catholic delegates, officially representing Catholic youth organizations, were coming from Spain, from China, and from Czechoslovakia.

"Consider that for a moment," she said. "Spain, China, and Czechoslovakia—the three countries most victimized by aggression. Under such conditions, religious and political barriers tend to break down, and the youth, indeed the whole people, realize that democracy is something to be defended concertedly, by all its adherents. Of course the situation here is regrettable, but there is hope in the fact that the conflicts tend to lessen as the forces are defined."

She was eager to point out to us the political and religious composition of the Congress. She defined it as embracing all those who believed that in the conduct of international affairs "there should be a higher morality than force." Religiously, it takes in everyone: Buddhist, Confucian, Jewish, Catholic, Protestant (all sects), Mahometan, agnostic, and atheist. Politically it ranges all the way from members of the Young Communist and Young Socialist Internationals to followers of ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria and the youth of such fascist and semi-fascist states as Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. These latter delegates, while their political philosophies differ greatly from those of the vast majority of the delegates, are attending on the basis that this is a Congress against aggression and their countries, no less than others, are potential victims of aggression.

What can the World Youth Congress accomplish? At this writing there is every evidence that it will again declare for collective security. In each democratic country the youth groups can press the governments to adopt those measures needed to make it a force for peace. In this country it can be one more strong voice for the lifting of the embargo on Spain. In England it can be another force against Chamberlain betrayal. In France it can demand the opening of the border. In Czechoslovakia it can be reassuring to a threatened people. It can mobilize aid for Spain and for China. Miss Shields-Collins told us that a possible development of the Poughkeepsie Congress was a world-wide campaign against illiteracy; the significance is obvious. There are other obvious values in simply bringing young people together: strength, unity, understanding. Between sessions the World Youth Congress conducts many activities. Last year it conducted a youth camp outside the Paris Exposition; National Youth Assemblies are held in many countries for the groups affiliated to the World Youth Congress. Last year at La Couneuve, France, it conducted an International Study Conference; there are tours and youth hostels, and the activities of the organization penetrate in these many ways into even the smallest towns and villages.

Very significant, for us as Americans, will be the effect of the Congress on thousands of our youth who have been involved in its preparations and execution. The attitude that now finds its expression in isolationism has its roots deep in the conditioning of American youth. More often than not American education, for obvious reasons, has emphasized the notion that this is a country apart, that any parallels with European or Asiatic nations are, *a priori,* bound to be false, that the future of the United States bears no relationship to the destinies of other countries. Engendering this sort of provincialism has its values for reactionaries anywhere, but it has been easier here than elsewhere because its rationale is provided for by our relative geographical isolation. But the contact with contemporaries from other countries afforded by the Youth Congress will in itself go a long way toward dispelling the isolationist attitude from the minds of American youth.

The Youth Committee Against War, part of the Keep America Out of War Committee, has adopted from its senior organization a clause that calls for "realizing the culpability of all nations" in warmaking. It would be best not to bring up that slogan in Poughkeepsie, for there will be many there who know better. I do not think the Chinese delegates would take very kindly to the suggestion that the blood being shed around Hankow is no more Japan's fault than China's. Nor is it likely that a Czechoslovakian youth leader could be made to understand that if Hitler enters Czechoslovakia, it will be at that country's invitation. Here again, the mere presence of young people from the real storm centers of the world will serve to disabuse American youth of isolationist dogma.

The World Youth Congress is a force for peace, for the intelligent organization of world peace. It represents a generation that has to do something about war because it is so directly involved. Fortunately for the world, it is a generation that can cut the kid stuff and knuckle down to the serious proposition of stopping the madness that threatens us all. American progressives will welcome and encourage it.

★ ★ ★

APOLOGY FOR LIBERALS

Whether the greater or the little death
be more to fear; whether the ominous voice
and iron murder of bombs, the broken forehead,
the limbs left bloody in broken stone, the murder,
the sudden bursting of the flesh asunder
in a red scream, whether the last destruction
be the last degradation; or whether the spirit
stiff and encrusted with lying, the flinching eyes
poor shifts of daily death, the pride
resolved in filth, be a worse worm to bear
than any gnawing the eyeholes of a skull
lost on the battlefield; pity the little death,
fighters, pity cowards.

The fear prevails the shame prevails the terror
weakens the cords of the knees and loosens the tongue
and we are wounded by any whisper of music
and we endure barely the weight of a word
and we turn aside. O then be merciful
to the soft hands the delicate torn fingernails
unarmored eyes. Forgive these cowards
for the weak dream; forgive them tremulous,
forgive them broken. Let them come upon
some easy corner of death. Pity these cowards,
you struck into fragments by the bombs, you perishing
under a scream of air and falling steel,
you fighters you fallen in battle.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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THE FILM TRUST ON TRIAL

Unshackling A Great Democratic Art

JAMES DUGAN

A GREAT hope for a free screen, the centerpiece of democratic culture, is contained in the civil anti-trust action, *United States of America* v. *Paramount Pictures, Inc., et al.,* entered in the Federal District Court of Southern New York last month. The government's attack upon eight major producing companies, Paramount, Loew's, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, Warner Brothers, Twentieth-Century-Fox, Columbia, Universal, and United Artists, together with numerous subsidiary corporations and 132 executives in the film industry, is designed to break up a monopoly over production, distribution, and exhibition.

The government seeks an equity decree which will force the defendants to release control of distribution and exhibition. Warner Brothers, for instance, own nearly five hundred movie houses; Loew's chain of 150 theaters is worth nearly $75,000,000; and, according to the government Bill of Complaint, the eight corporations named "control about 65 percent of all pictures produced from the selection of the story to the final showing at the theater." The complaint, an aggregation of facts running to thirty thousand words, includes a history of the motion picture to date, with all of the main corporate trends in the industry shown in detail. It is a complete justification for the statement of the late Harry Alan Potamkin, the brilliant Marxist film critic, who said:

> The movie was born in the laboratory and reared in the counting house. It is a benevolent monster of four I's: Inventor, Investor, Impresario, Imperialist. The second and fourth eyes are the guiding ones. They pilot the course of the motion picture so that it is favorable to the equilibrium of the ruling class.

The monopolistic interaction of the defendants is not hard to understand when you realize that they are the eight children of Morgan and Rockefeller. The accompanying chart shows the corporate family tree. It also illumines the piquant fact that Chase National was the only banker-relative brought up in the New Deal dragnet. The chart shows the direct blood tie about which the other cousins were more discreet.

The government's action, instituted by Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold, comes at a time of great confusion in the movie world. The American audience, in the words of defendant Sam Goldwyn, "is on a sitdown strike against bad films." The moviegoing habit is losing its automatic responses; the 88,000,000 customers per week are fingering the goods before they buy them. Film producers have been unable or unwilling to adjust their standards to meet this mass criticism. If the movies are opium, the stuff is losing its soporific properties.

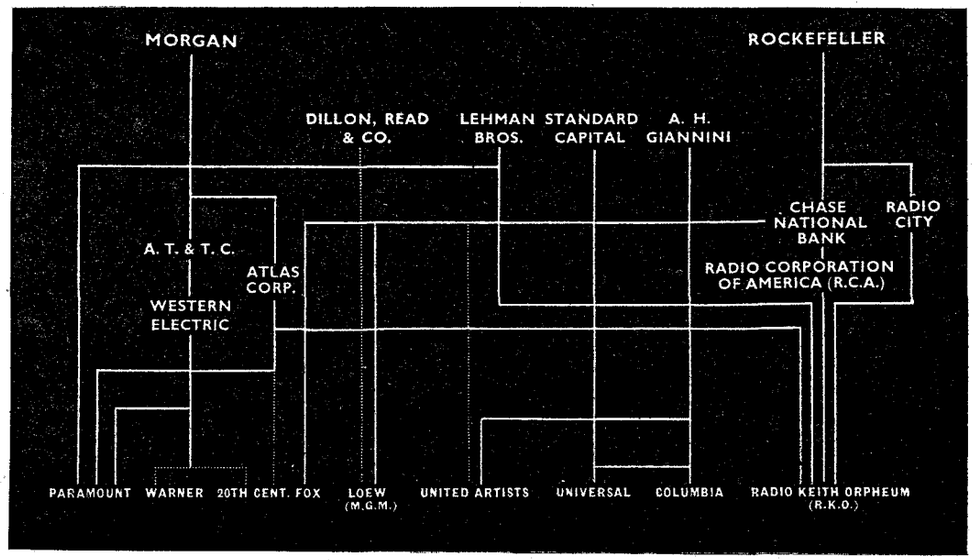
The second factor shaking the towers of Hollywood is the group of independent theater owners who have been ruthlessly victimized by the monopoly which extends from the studios to the producer-owned theater down the street. The independent is forced to rent his pictures through regional exchanges which are completely dominated by the major producers. He suffers from the discriminatory practice of block booking which means that he must contract for all of the bad pictures to get the good ones. He finds that the monopoly theater gets the first playing dates and the best pictures; that he may be charged exorbitant rentals as in the fifty-fifty deal asked for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* These independents have strong organizations which have been sponsoring bills in various state legislatures to curb monopoly practices. They look to the New Deal as the final arbiter.

The third factor, which has just appeared on the scene, is the independent producer, whose salvation lies in the breaking up of the monopolies. As Potamkin observed, the independent producer is forced to make cowboy pictures, fake Africans, and cheap sex films to edge into the market. He supplies the pulp brand of movie fiction and is allowed to exist as long as he does not move into the big time. The most important of the independents is Walter Wanger, who made *Blockade.* This sprightly entrepreneur reasons quite correctly that the public will pay heavily for films with a progressive, topical content. To produce such films he must buck the entrenched trusts. He must borrow his stars from the big boys, his money from the bankers, his stories from progressive writers like John Howard Lawson. If he succeeds in getting his script through the Hays-office censorship, he still has to fight to get it distributed into the monopoly-controlled theaters. The most important struggle of such a producer is a political one. Will Hays, the office boy of the gang, may pass his script without comment, but the sabotage of the trusts on progressive ideas begins when the film is completed. United Artists, through which Wanger's films are distributed, have not been pushing *Blockade.* They have failed to use the flood of laudatory messages received by the producer from progressive America; they have shirked the distribution of a picture that is, in box-office language, "red hot."

Wanger recently spoke in Hollywood, at the Conference on the Freedom of the Screen, vigorously asserting his right to make more *Blockades,* free from the myriad interferences of reaction. If the government is successful in breaking up the monopoly, it will have also broken up the purely political control that obtains for pictures like *Blockade.*

The reactionary political aura that surrounds billion-dollar monopolies stifles trade unionism in the picture industry. The bargaining power of film labor will be tremendously increased by the restoration of free competition in the business. Fifty thousand production employees in Hollywood, plus 12,500 in the exchanges, and 241,000 theater employees have a big stake in the suit.

We have, on one hand, small exhibitors crying for a better product, men like Wanger eager to give it to them, and a vast democratic audience "sitting down" until they get better



Financial Structure of Eight Indicted Companies

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pictures. That is the simple dilemma that monopoly control of the movies has created. That is the granny knot the trust has tied.

The reactions to the suit of the defendants and their troops of propagandists are as amusing as they are cynical. The action had been expected for some time, but the fat boys were dreaming in their palaces when the blow came. *Variety,* chief fan-bearer to the fevered brow of the producers, had assured them that the government would politely wait for "cool weather" before starting the suit. Unlike recent anti-trust actions by the New Deal, the action is civil rather than criminal. A few weeks before, the main group of defendants had visited the White House, an action which led to a voluntary formation of a committee from the industry to "self-regulate" trade problems. This committee was so hurt by the brutal action of the government that it finds itself unable to get to work. Sidney R. Kent, the chairman, said, "The most satisfactory solution of our problems eventually will be reached through self-regulation, rather than litigation." In blunter words: "Let us alone." Joe Schenck, chairman of Twentieth-Century-Fox, put the producer's attitude with more candor when interviewed in Paris by *Variety:* "Outcome of the tiff will mean at worst the setting up of subsidiaries such as Standard Oil of New York, New Jersey, etc."

The fate of similar anti-trust actions by previous administrations gives the defendants the hope that the trial is a long way off. They hope it will stretch out as long as the seven-year trial of the Famous Players-Lasky case in 1927.

In the meantime the eight companies are cooperating in a million-dollar propaganda campaign around the slogan, "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment," in the hope that this rather modest statement will fill theaters. Will Hays said, "In all of its worldwide relations the American motion picture industry has found its government to be helpful and understanding in every respect." While Hays strews flowers and his bosses plan the long delays in court, the beginning of a direct campaign on the public may be seen in statements in the New York *Times.* One of these arguments, that the suit will discourage the production of super-colossal feature pictures, is certainly poor pleading to the moviegoer who finds these cavernous bores the main insult from Hollywood. Part of the million-dollar fly-paper fund will undoubtedly go to elaborating these ingenuities.

Itemization of the government's charges reveals the enormity of the economic misdeeds of corporate Hollywood, disregarding the cultural implications of the film monopoly. In a given city two or three of the defendants may have a pooling agreement, involving their theaters. Thus in Pittsburgh one of these agreements keeps the Aldine Theater closed and retards competition between the remaining houses in the pool. Admission prices can be fixed and independent competitors kept away from the product. The producer-exhibitors may establish theaters in territory already served by independents, shut off the first-class pictures from them, and drive them out of business. The fact that each year sees less feature pictures being produced, from 1,046 in 1917 to 352 in 1936, makes the pressure greater. In 1917 there were swarms of independent producers competing in a free market. The trust has eliminated almost all of the independent producing units, and the number of films has consequently diminished, leaving the independent showman with the ragged ends of the year's crop, or second and third runs of films his monopolistic foes have already shown.

Snow

"I will adopt that system of regimen which . . . I consider for the benefit of my patients, and will protect them from everything noxious and injurious."

HIPPOCRATIC OATH

Agreements among the defendants keep the number of monopoly-controlled theaters in any city down to the size of the audience, so that they will not override each other, but merely squeeze out the independents. The process of squeezing an established independent theater out of new territory is called by the trade "distress methods" which, according to the complaint, includes, "Threats of building a theater or theaters, in opposition to the independent exhibitor if he does not agree to sell; threats to deprive the independent exhibitor of product, or desirable product, if he does not agree to sell; the purchase of theater sites in the neighborhood of the independent exhibitor, with the suggestion conveyed to the independent exhibitor, either directly or through third parties, that the major producer-exhibitor in question intends to build and open a theater on the new site if the independent exhibitor will not agree to sell; threats to purchase an equity or interest in the independent theater for the purpose of gaining control through reorganization or otherwise; and the imposition upon the independent exhibitor of arbitrary and unreasonable clearance and zoning schedules. The occasions and circumstances wherein and whereunder some or all of these methods have been used by the producer-exhibitor defendants, or some of them, are too numerous to mention herein, but have occurred in all sections of the United States."

Among the unsavory trade practices forced upon independent showmen, in addition to block booking, are: forcing short subjects and newsreels; arbitrary designation of playing dates; and "protection," which is the imposition of a long clearance between the original showing and second runs which may ruin the value of a picture. Thus on a provocative feature the first-run house increases its business by stating that "this film will positively not be shown here again before next year."

Another neat stunt for the monopoly house is to overbuy the product, to keep surpluses from the independent, even though many of the extra films may never be shown. Film rentals are a big stick held over the independent, as well as prohibition of double billing certain pictures, and "score charges," which originally were fees charged for sound when it was on a phonograph disk. The monopoly exchanges actually enforce minimum admission charges on independent houses.

Naturally all of these conditions obtain in reverse for the monopoly chains with a few grace notes in addition. Sharing advertising costs, loose contracts with plenty of escape clauses, and flexible rentals for houses with a box-office slump, are some of these advantages.

The charges of the government are damning. They constitute an unanswerable indictment of one of the most outrageous of American monopolies. The significance of the complaint is very much broader when the cultural effect of the monopolistic practices is added up. The movies are an art, *the* great mass art, produced fittingly by a complex, collective industrial machinery. The anti-trust action can break up not only restraint of trade, but restraint of a great democratic art as well.

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MEXICO'S LIBERTY LEAGUERS

Cardenas' Foes Prepare for a New Trial of Strength

MARC FRANK

Mexico City, Aug. 3.

WHOEVER writes diplomatic protest notes to Mexico for the State Department in Washington, D. C., would do well to reflect upon this:

The very papers and political groups down here which find pleasure in this type of outside pressure upon the Cárdenas government have begun to prophesy that the New Deal up north has not a chance of surviving, that Roosevelt's recent Western tour was his last—one paper even recalled that Woodrow Wilson was struck down by paralysis on a similar tour, and almost openly hoped that the hand of God would do the same for Roosevelt.

Secretary Hull's demand that the Mexican government give preference to American landowners over the Mexican variety in the payment of lands divided to rescue the Mexican masses from peonage was far more than merely a diplomatic matter. It definitely encouraged the enemies of the present Mexican regime to prepare for another trial of strength—despite the relative ease with which the Cedillo revolt was put down. From the American viewpoint, any such encouragement is a major tragedy because the enemies of Cárdenas are also the enemies of Roosevelt, indeed the sworn foes of democracy everywhere. The total effect of the recent exchange of notes between Mexico and the United States can be gauged only with reference to the current internal situation in Mexico itself.

Saturnino Cedillo, onetime hope of the Mexican reactionaries, whose revolt began six weeks ago, is still at large, though militarily he presents no problem. But "Cedillism" is by no means dead. Under other names, it has actually gained a stronger position, in some respects, owing to the apparent ease with which Cedillo himself was destroyed. That fostered illusions, especially up north, it seems. "Cedillism" still lacks any popular basis and is still confined to groups ineffective by themselves, but it receives strong backing from the outside. With more help and encouragement, it could become a serious menace both to Mexican democracy and to the security of the United States.

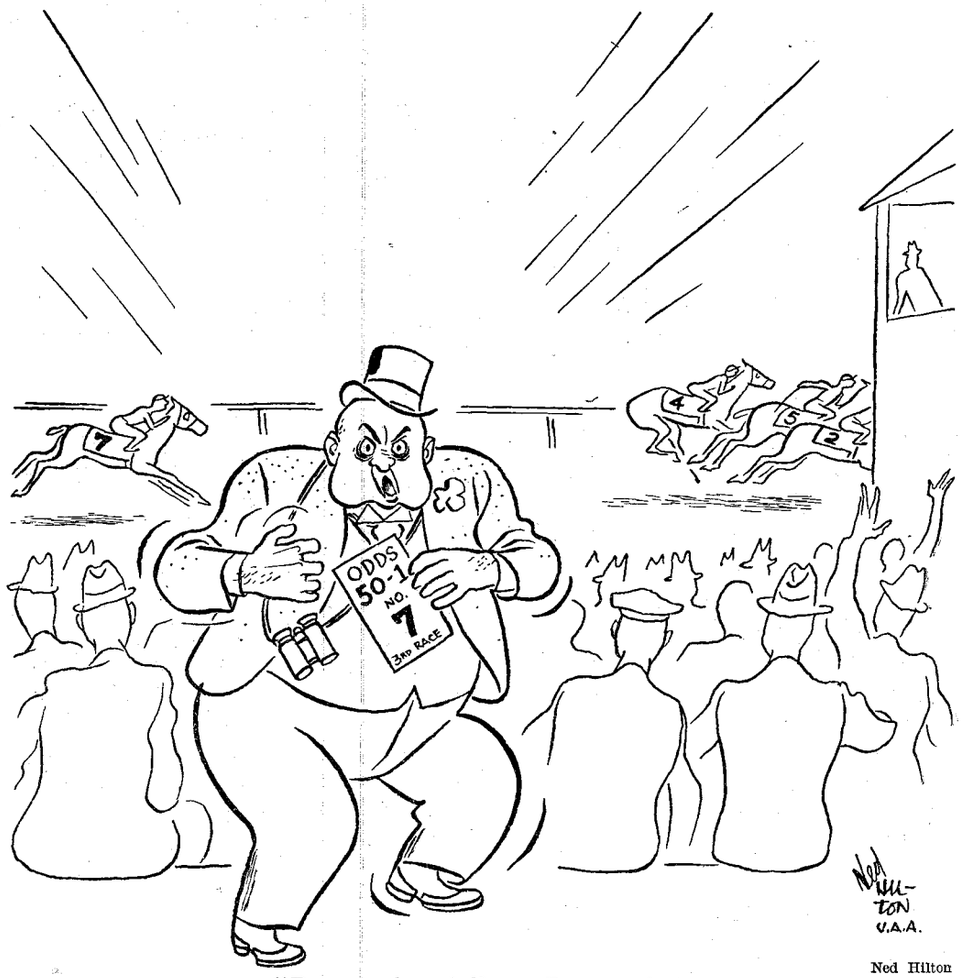
It should be remembered that in Spain the forces which supported Franco's military rising amounted to little before the war. It needed the combined aid of Germany, Italy, and a portion of the Church hierarchy to create, with considerable violence, an apparently unified (though not united) party for Franco. He began by proclaiming the necessity for a "Great Spanish Spain," and the Spanish Phalanx even had the wild idea of restoring ancient Spanish influence throughout the Americas. Nonetheless, it is not Spaniards who are now in control of the Bilbao mines and foundries, or the mineral deposits and public utilities in fascist-held Spain. Nor will they in the future unless the Republicans win.

Mexico is going through an analogous situation. There are candidates and movements now increasingly active who seek to overthrow the Cárdenas regime, and, for all their professions of nationalism, to hand the country back to foreign imperialist domination. In the reactionary Mexican press, George Creel's article in *Collier's* calling upon the United States to take up the White Man's Burden in Mexico was greeted with approval. It will be remembered that Creel was head of the propaganda bureau which sold "the war to save democracy" to the American people.

At present, movements, rather than men, are the biggest threat to President Cárdenas, although candidates for the presidential succession in the 1939 campaign are already being canvassed.

Currently, the most important figure outside the army around which the coming revolt may center is Ramon Yocupicio, governor of Sonora. Almost always, Mexican revolts of consequence depend upon Sonora, whence arms can be most conveniently imported from the United States; Vera Cruz, containing Mexico's chief port; Puebla, which lies across the precipitous road from Mexico City to the Gulf; and one Southern state, whence arms may come in from Guatemala.

Yocupicio is a difficult person to assess because of his reputed stupidity. He is an almost pure-blooded Mayo Indian, with a fair record in the early days of the Mexican Revolution. He was, however, extremely "energetic" in his repression of the Yaqui Indian trouble in 1926, when those fighters were dispossessed, deported to Yucatan, at the other end of Mexico, and walked thousands of miles back to their homes. Yocupicio, with the full assistance of the executive, became governor of Sonora last year on a modified pro-labor ticket.



Ned Hilton

"Damn that fellow, Roosevelt!"

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Almost at once, he fell under the influence of the big Sonora landowners whose property had not yet been distributed. Within a few weeks of his installation, he began a campaign against the local unions affiliated to the CTM (Mexican Workers Union) and allowed the use of violence against the local school teachers appointed by the federal government.

But the dangerous campaign against Cárdenas cannot openly come out in favor of the big landowners, the *hacendados*. The *hacendados* themselves have realized this, and have, in many places, apparently split up their property by dividing it among members of their family, who, by Mexican custom, remain completely under the domination of the family council. These new ranchers have now become "small proprietors," and their rights are to some extent protected by the Constitution. Thus, one of the main slogans in the new campaign is the "protection of the small proprietor," when these small proprietors are, in fact, nothing of the sort.

This campaign is paralleled by one for the "protection of the small trader," which ties up very handily with a "nationalistic" anti-Semitic campaign "in defense of the middle classes." The association of that name is closely connected with the fascist Golden Shirt organization, which is also very keen, especially in the big industrial town of Monterrey, on the "right to work," that is, on the maintenance of the open shop and the recruiting of scabs. One factory in Monterrey recently staged a fake strike, and flew the Franquist red and yellow flag instead of the traditional Mexican labor red and black. The owner is one of the biggest supporters of the Spanish Phalanx in Mexico, itself closely connected with the Gestapo section of Branch No. 2 of the illegal German Foreign Bureau.

Yocupicio's campaign "in favor of small proprietors" is of the utmost importance because Sonora borders upon the Laguna cotton and wheat district where the federal government has initiated a big experiment in collective farming. An attack upon the Laguna experiment was one of the points in Cedillo's manifesto against Cárdenas.

The policy is subtle and far-reaching, used as propaganda to rally not only the right in Mexico but also equivalent sections in the United States, England, Germany, and Italy. It calls the Laguna experiment "Communistic"—it is no more "Communistic" than the TVA; declares that it has failed—it was not immediately successful in its first year for a variety of outside causes, any more than any similar experiment would be likely to be; points out the Communuism is "not adapted to Mexican conditions"; and proceeds to the conclusion that "Communism" must be expelled from Mexico, by violence if need be. But, since the hypothesis that collective farming initiated by Cárdenas is "Communist" is of extraordinarily wide application, "Communism" in fact can be extended to the whole of Cárdenas' democratic policy. This is exactly paralleled in the United States by the similar argument of anti-New Dealers; and the reactionary press here follows that logic even if the State Department does not.

Besides the possible disloyalty of state governors like Yocupicio of Sonora, Cárdenas has to face opposition on two other fronts: in Congress and in the army. The reactionaries are raising the cry for "liberty"—of the Liberty League kind. In the Senate, which is more radical than the Congress, Ezequiel Padilla raises a lone voice for "labor peace"—i.e. federal intervention against strikers—and the "industrialization of Mexico"—i.e. the right of Mexican capitalists to be provided with cheap and obedient labor. Padilla, educated at Columbia and the Sorbonne, learned his corporative ideas when he was Callist ambassador to Italy in 1930-31. Before that he served as Attorney General and Minister of Education, when he did his best to sabotage the program for rural schools. He has a big following outside the Senate among the Criollo middle class, lawyers, professional ward-heelers, bankers, merchants.

A new revolt in the Congress by Gen. Ramon Iturbe and Col. Bolivar Sierra accompanies the other movements. Iturbe is a leading figure in the National Union of Revolutionary Veterans, a body composed chiefly of ex-Villistas and closely connected with the Golden Shirts and the German embassy. Bolivar Sierra was involved in the De la Huerta rising, and only returned to Mexico after Cárdenas' recent amnesty. Neither has the right to his military title, having been discharged from the army for treason.

These gentlemen produced a new party, the Democratic Front, "directed equally against fascism and Communism" and, of course, boosting "Mexicanism." Like similar drives against "un-Americanism," the Front will in practice be directed solely against "Communism," the same sort of all-inclusive "Communism" of Yocupicio, the big Sonora landowners, and the financiers behind Padilla. It is now being backed by almost all fascist and pro-fascist organizations.

The current government party, the Party of the Mexican Revolution (PRM) promptly moved against the "Democratic Front," demanded that its founders sign a document recognizing the PRM's sovereignty, and, on their refusal, expelled them. Here again, as in the case of Cedillo's easy defeat, the procedure was easy, but the future is still doubtful.

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The PRM was formed in February of this year to replace Calles' corrupt old machine, the National Revolutionary Party (PNR). The intention was to form a sort of united front of workers, peasants, soldiers, and the white-collar class. It was especially to break the old Calles bosses in the provinces and form a dominating party genuinely and squarely behind the Cárdenas government's "New Deal" policy.

But here enters the parallel with the Democratic Party in the United States. Cárdenas cannot afford directly to alienate the many political bosses who came in behind when Calles nominated him for President and who clung to office even when he expelled Calles. Consequently, while the PRM is at one end enthusiastically supported by genuine friends of the Mexican New Deal, including the whole labor movement organized in the CTM and the Communist Party, at the other end there are tories and straight fascists, hangovers from the PNR, like Yocupicio and the organizers of scab unions in Monterrey. The progressive wing of the party holds a leading influence in the Senate, but in Congress it is in a minority faced by a bloc which recently has tried to impose the corporative state by way of centrally controlled cooperatives, has sabotaged the civil servants' right to organize by refusing them the right to strike, and even includes persons who support Ismael Falcon's straight fascist anti-Semitic campaign. Many Cedillists are still in the PRM—"Pharisees of the Revolution," as García Téllez, Minister of the Interior, Vice-President, and recently private secretary to the President, denounced them to the Unified Socialist Youth.

The present tactic is extremely dangerous, not only for its possibility of rallying the now scattered opposition groups in Mexico but for its appeal to all the reactionary groups in the United States which dislike Roosevelt. Two appeals are already being prepared both in Mexico and by committees in New York, San Diego, and Pittsburgh. One is "against the Red Mexican dictatorship," the other "against the coming Communist *putsch*." This "Red dictatorship"—like Roosevelt—is to be accused of limiting liberty: the liberties of the small farmers, the scab unions, parliamentary opposition, and the press. Possibly most fuss will be made about the liberty of the press, since it is against the so-called independent press that the CTM is now most actively moving.

The Mexican press is free from government interference. In fact, the leading papers are definitely in opposition. They are, as has been proved, perfectly free to express the opinions of their big advertisers, of the German embassy, from which at least two receive monthly subsidies, and of various wealthy Franquist Spanish groups, interested especially in the cinema (which uses about three times as much space as all other advertisers put together). A particularly scandalous example occurred when the weekly *Hoy* published an illustrated interview with Cedillo, after the photos and text had been offered to foreign correspondents for $50. The reporter was in close touch with the rebel leader.

More important is the attempt already being made to suggest that Yocupicio is being groomed to save Mexico from "Bolshevism," and that, as in Spain, the excuse for the rising would be to anticipate a Communist *putsch*. George Creel stated that there would be no "hope" of a Rightist victory, but "a proletarian horde" would come to power. An attempt has been made to show that Cárdenas "declared" Cedillo a rebel and then suppressed him. Recently discovered evidence shows that Cedillo's subversive manifesto was prepared at least as early as April, possibly last October, whereas the revolt broke out only in late May.

The CTM has been protesting vigorously both against the reactionary press and against Yocupicio. This will be shown as an attempt to impose the beginnings of a proletarian dictatorship. Therefore, the elements in the United States which support Franco, or at any rate his general policy of smashing organized labor, are expected to support a similar movement in Mexico. Only with this support can it hope to succeed. There is considerable activity in its favor by German, Italian, and Japanese agents, even diplomatic representatives.

Meanwhile, the CTM is being made the villain of the piece. Dispatches to the New York *Times* have been trying to pass off the Rightists' actual anti-Semitism upon it. The facts there were simply that the CTM was conducting a drive against illegal artificial sweatshops, most of which happen to be run by Syrian Jews who entered the country illegally. For the same reason, the Mexican government is expelling a few Jews, about 20 percent of total deportations. On the other hand, the delegate to Geneva, Villa Michel, was the only voice at the recent Evian conference which was raised definitely in favor of aid to Austrian refugees. This was no empty gesture; the Mexican government was deliberately offering its enemies another weapon against itself.

It is therefore very necessary to keep a strict eye on appeals to the "American sense of freedom" coming out of Mexico. They will usually be appeals by the group around Yocupicio and Padilla for the freedom to plot against a democratic government friendly to the United States.

Joe Bartlett

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MEETING THE JAPANESE

Two English Writers Report

W. H. AUDEN & CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

If you have just spent four months in the interior of wartime China, visited two fronts, a dozen military hospitals, and the sites of many air-raids, it becomes difficult to remember that you are supposed to be an impartial neutral, whose country maintains "friendly diplomatic relations" with each of the two belligerent governments. For us, in Canton, in Hankow, along the Yellow River, the Japanese were "the enemy"; the Chinese anti-aircraft were "our" guns, the Chinese planes "our" planes, the Chinese army was "we." Most of the foreigners in China feel that way nowadays, even the officials.

In the course of our travels, we had met only two Japanese. One of them was sitting in the corner of a railway carriage on the Lung-Hai line, tied up with rope like a parcel, surrounded by his guards. He had been captured somewhere near the Grand Canal, and was being taken down to Hankow to be questioned by the authorities. Prisoners in this war are a kind of zoological rarity; we gaped at this one with furtive and somewhat shamefaced curiosity—a sheepish, moon-faced youth, who spoke neither Chinese nor English, as isolated in his captivity as a baby panda. There was nothing we could do for him, except to put a cigarette between his lips, and go away as soon as was decently possible. The other Japanese was also a prisoner. We were taken to see him on our way up to the Southeastern front. He was tall and handsome, with a large mustache and considerable dignity. He had been a schoolmaster before the war, and one felt that he was not sorry to be out of it. The Chinese journalists who accompanied us were impressed chiefly by his size. As one of them ambiguously remarked: "He must be the Longfellow of Japan."

It seemed strange and unnatural, therefore, to be sitting down to lunch with four Japanese civilians in the dining-room of the Shanghai Club. The four Japanese were all distinguished personages, a consular official, a business man, a banker, and a railway director; they gave us the collective impression of being stumpy, dark brown, bespectacled, mustached, grinning, and very neat. We had resolved, of course, to be extremely tactful. To make any reference, however indirect, to the war would, we felt, be positively indecent.

But the Japanese, evidently, had no such qualms. "You have been traveling in China?" said one of them, right away. "How interesting. . . . I hope you had no inconvenience?" "Only from your airplanes," we replied, forgetting our resolutions. The Japanese laughed heartily; this was a great joke. "But surely," they persisted, "you must have found transport and living conditions very primitive, very inefficient?" "On the contrary," we assured them, "extremely efficient. Kindness and politeness everywhere. Everybody was charming." "Oh yes," the consular official agreed, in an indulgent tone. "The Chinese are certainly charming. Such nice people. What a pity . . ." "Yes, what a pity!" the others chimed in. "This war could so easily have been avoided. Our demands were very reasonable. In the past, we were always able to negotiate these problems amicably. The statesmen of the old school—you could deal with them, they understood the art of compromise. But these younger men, they're dreadfully hot-headed. Most unfortunate . . . " "You know," continued the consular official, "we really love the Chinese. That is the nice thing about this war. There is no bitterness. We in Japan feel absolutely no bitterness towards the Chinese people." This was really a little too much; the last remnants of our prearranged politeness disappeared. It was hardly surprising, we retorted, with some heat, that the Japanese didn't feel bitter. Why should they? Had they ever had their towns burnt and their crops destroyed? Had they ever been bombed? Our four gentlemen had no answer ready. They merely blinked. They didn't appear in the least offended. Then one of them said, "That is certainly a most interesting point of view."

They wanted to know about the morale in Hankow. Was there much enthusiasm? What possibility was there of a negotiated peace? None, we declared, with spiteful relish. Chiang would continue to resist—if necessary, to the borders of Thibet. They shook their heads sadly, and drew in their breath with a sharp, disappointed hiss. It was a pity . . . a great pity. . . . And then—we had been expecting it—out came the Bolshevik bogey. Japan was really fighting on China's side, to save her from herself, to protect her from the Soviets. "And from Western trade competition," we might have added, but it wasn't necessary. For, at this moment, through the window which overlooked the river, the gun turrets of *H.M.S. Birmingham* slid quietly into view, moving upstream. In Shanghai, the visual statements of power politics are more brutal than any words.

Hayden

Like formidable, excluded watchdogs, the real masters of Shanghai inhabit the dark, deserted Japanese Concession or roam the ruined wilderness of Chapei, looking hungrily in upon the lighted populous international town. On Garden Bridge, their surly sentries force every Chinese foot passenger to raise his hat in salute. Incidents are of almost weekly occurrence: a foreign lady is insulted, an innocent naturalist is arrested as a spy. Representations are made — "through the proper channels"; apologies are gravely offered and accepted. Out driving one day, in a district occupied by the Japanese, we saw two soldiers with drawn bayonets prodding at a crowd of women and children. We stopped. Here, we thought, is a chance of witnessing an atrocity at first-hand. Then we noticed a third soldier, with a basket. The Japanese were—distributing food.

On the voyage home, we stopped at Nagasaki for a few hours, and later had time for one night in Tokyo before rejoining our boat at Yokohama. There are few signs of the war here, beyond the posters which advertise heroic military films. In the streets of the towns we passed through, there were still plenty of able-bodied young men in civilian clothes. Many of the public lamps of Kobe are not lit at night—a precaution, we were told, against air-raids—but the shops shine brightly enough to illuminate the entire city. As we entered the Tokyo station, a troop-train was leaving for China, amidst cheering and waving banners. As far as we could judge, the enthusiasm wasn't being produced to order.

Some Chinese believe that Japan is tired of this war. We wish we could agree with them. Ten Japanese soldiers have committed suicide. No doubt. But suicide proves nothing. It is the national reaction to all life's troubles: an officer's reprimand, a love affair gone wrong, a quarrel, a snub. Twenty Japs were seen by a peasant, sitting round a fire in a wood: "they looked very sad, and one of them said, 'I am tired of this war.'" No doubt. Were there ever any soldiers, anywhere, who didn't grumble, since the days of Julius Caesar? No, Japan isn't tired of this war. Not yet. She won't be tired until the steadily approaching economic crisis is upon her, until the Chinese make some effective air-raids on her munitions factories, until she has been forced to call another million men to the colors. She won't be tired until the fall of Hankow (if Hankow does fall) proves to her—as we hope and think it will—that you cannot beat China merely by occupying her cities. For we believe that China can be beaten only when her morale and newly found unity have been broken, and that is a task which all the robber nations of the earth, banded together, might well fail to accomplish.

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COUNT KABAYAMA'S MISSION

The Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai Invades New York

THEODORE DRAPER

COUNT KABAYAMA came to New York last month virtually unheralded. Very shortly, he rented four large rooms, 10,000 cubic feet of office space, in the International Building, Rockefeller Center. In charge of his headquarters he appointed a former feature writer of the Tokyo *Asahi,* the big Japanese daily, by name T. Maida. His staff will be partly American, but the Japanese members will know how to tell funny stories in the American language with almost equal fluency. He is in no hurry to begin his job, because he knows that plenty of preparation is necessary, plenty of mistakes have been made, plenty of money has been wasted. He doesn't want any publicity, just yet. October will be time enough for the interviews, statements, announcements, parties, lectures, private showings of art, books, films.

In October, Count Kabayama's Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai, meaning the Society for International Cultural Relations, will make its first public appearance in the United States. About the same time, other branches will open for business in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and elsewhere. For very good reason, Count Kabayama chose to come here himself and chose New York instead of Washington.

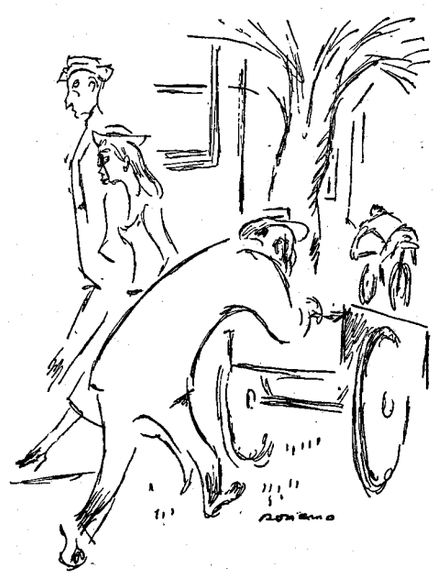
Count Ayské Kabayama is chairman of the board of directors of the Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai. H. I. H. Prince Takamatsu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, is its president of honor. Prince, now Premier, Konoye is its president. Marquis Tokugawa and Baron Goh, its vice-presidents, are probably the highest peers in Japan. Its board of directors contains the richest financiers, the best-known educators, and the most important politicians. Everything about it is intended to convey an impression of prestige and power.

The society was founded in April 1934. That is all that ever happened to it until May of this year. When General Ugaki came into the reorganized Konoye ministry as the new Foreign Minister, the society assumed sudden importance. On May 30 and 31, the Tokyo *Asahi* published long articles about its new role as Japan's major medium of propaganda abroad. The articles told of the appointment of "cultural attachés," endowed with the status of counsellors or first secretaries of the various embassies. This will be the first attempt of its kind by the Foreign Office.

Of course, the true objective of the society has but passing relation to its name. The Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai is from every aspect a propaganda organization, was never meant to be anything else. Those who bother to look up its original prospectus, obligingly published in an English version in Tokyo, will find the following: "Besides political and economic contacts, the feelings of one people towards another, their relations in art and science, the promotion of mutual knowledge through the medium of the screen, the cultivation of friendship by means of sport—all these and other factors exert on international relations an influence which, with the continuous development of means of communication, ever continues to increase in force and importance."

Admittedly wordy, but reasonably clear. The Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai will try to exert an influence on foreign relations and its branch here will try to mold American foreign policy. It will do so through indirect, well disguised channels, in the name of science, art, films, even sport. The society's published "Scheme of Activities" is very concrete and provides for a many-sided organization: a clearing-house for the "writing, compilation, translation, and publication of various works"; sponsor of exchange professors and students, lectures, exhibitions, concerts; tourist agency for businessmen, scholars, journalists, artists, and politicians.

Nine months ago, the Japanese government banned all American films. The prohibition has just been lifted for two reasons. First, the government does not want to put any obstacles in Count Kabayama's path here. Second, it wants to exhibit a number of propaganda pictures in the United States, among them a recently completed film entitled *The Way to Oriental Peace* with a number of Chinese actors imported into Japan from Peiping. A German director, W. Loe-Bagier, is going to produce two films, *The People's Pledge* and *The Sacred Goal* for the Japanese in the next few months. Count Kabayama's organization will sponsor the pictures here.



Soriano

The Japanese have already spent an enormous sum of money to sway American public opinion. Most of it has been wasted. The biggest pro-Japanese stunt, Ambassador Saito's radio talk on a sponsored program, proved a boomerang. It made the State Department angry and the sponsor had to promise to behave. But the Japanese recognize that a major propaganda effort is now necessary in Britain and America. Their outlook is something like this.

Unless Hankow falls by autumn, their war is lost by any calculation. But their problems will still be enormous even assuming Hankow's capture. Their economic deterioration has reached the critical stage and the recent break on the Tokyo stock market was but one alarming symptom of a basic weakness. Japan must borrow large sums from Britain and the United States if it is to hold off an economic break-down. Britain has already given Japan considerable financial assistance. In exchange for an agreement over the Shanghai customs, the London "City" has helped to keep the value of the yen from disappearing.

But there is even more money loose in Wall Street—that is why Count Kabayama chose New York and not Washington. The Japanese expect to bring forward the Kokusai Bunka Shinkokai just about the time Hankow is scheduled, in their plans, to fall. The organization will try to sell Americans, especially investors, the idea that Manchukuo, and North and Central China are good investments as long as Japan keeps control. The theory is that Americans friendly to Japan are likely to lend her money.

Japan, in this war, does not have the sympathy of the overwhelming majority of Americans. The front page of every newspaper carries more and better "propaganda" for China than the smartest scheme of any paid public-relations counsel. China's propaganda problem has been to broadcast the truth, Japan's to hide it. It is impossible for Japan to make a direct appeal for desperately-needed funds on the basis of its political activity. Its course must be devious and indirect. It must obscure the issues at stake in the valley of the Yangtze by pleasant, irrelevant niceties about Japanese art, books, and culture. Count Kabayama was chosen because Count Kabayama knows how. In the words of the *China Weekly Review,* he "has been a professional glad-hander and dispenser of culture to overseas visitors in the Nippon capital for many years."

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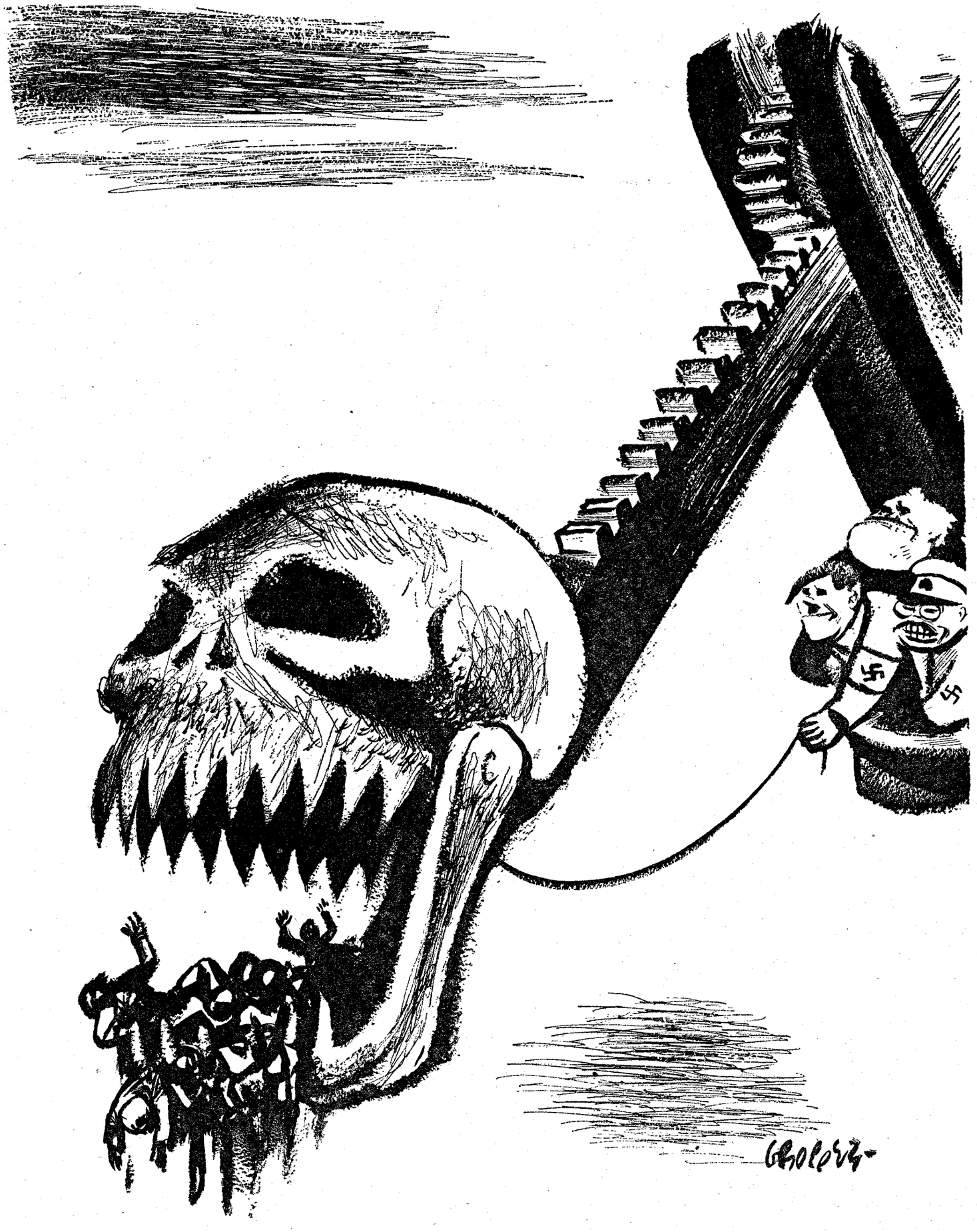

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Does Japan Want War?

IT SHOULD be clear that Japan would not have plunged into the military adventure on the Manchukuoan border without a preliminary understanding with the two other members of the fascist axis. Dispatches from both Berlin and Rome suggest that present events in the Far East are not unrelated to what is happening now in Czechoslovakia and Spain. Japan's diversions on the Soviet border are calculated to fix the Soviets' attention there, thus weakening the democratic forces in Europe and giving Hitler and Mussolini a freer hand in carrying out their aggressions against the smaller peoples. Soviet preoccupation in the East, the fascists hope, would cripple France, undermine the resistance of Czechoslovakia, introduce friction between Great Britain and France, and negatively affect the position of the loyalists in Spain. Also, if successful, such a diversion would increase Japan's shattered prestige and thus have a favorable effect on the fascist triple alliance.

But the fascists propose and the Soviets dispose. It is obvious that so far Japan has been receiving a severe drubbing. The Soviet position in this affair is unequivocal. The USSR does not engage in military adventures; it wants peace. It neither needs nor wants anybody else's territory; but neither is it ready to give up one inch of territory which rightfully, on the basis of long-standing agreements and treaties, belongs to it. It will defend the inviolability of its borders to the utmost of its ability, which, as the battles in the region of Lake Khazan have demonstrated, is considerable. If the Japanese militarists and their German and Italian instigators had the illusion that the Red Army was a negligible quantity, that illusion has been definitely dispelled. They know better now. And Japanese diplomacy is in the uncomfortable position of beating a retreat and yet, to save face, making it appear that it is not a retreat. Negotiations between Shigemitsu and Litvinov are continuing, with Litvinov unshakable in his demand that Japan withdraw all its troops beyond the Soviet boundary as established in the Hunchun treaty and as indicated on the map agreed on by both China and Russia as far back as 1886.

Soviet-American Trade

IN THE light of the above events, the renewal of the trade agreement between the Soviet Union and the United States is most timely and reassuring. Fascist efforts to isolate the USSR are failing. The ties of friendship between the two great democracies are growing stronger and mutually more beneficial. To give our readers an idea of the magnitude and trend of trade between the USSR and the USA, we publish below part of a report on Soviet-American trade issued by the American Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union:

"Soviet-American trade has fluctuated widely according to the relations between the two countries and the import needs of the USSR, as can be seen from the following table:

UNITED STATES—SOVIET TRADE
(millions of dollars)

Year	*Exports to the USSR*	*Imports from the USSR*
1912-13	26.5	29.3
1913-14	31.3	23.3
1921-25 (Av.)	32.8	5.1
1930	114.4	24.4
1931	103.9	13.8
1932	12.6	9.7
1933	8.9	12.1
1934	15.0	12.3
1935	24.7	17.8
1936	33.4	20.5
1937	42.9	30.7

"The highest level was reached in 1930 when the Soviet government was making heavy industrial purchases under the first Five-Year Plan. It fell again quickly, as Soviet requirements became less urgent and the American government afforded the Soviet Union neither recognition nor liberal credits. Since the resumption of diplomatic relations, at the end of 1933, trade between the two countries has increased slowly, until in 1937 the United States held first place in Soviet imports and second place in Soviet exports.

"Soviet trade has been of importance to the United States, perhaps out of proportion to its absolute size. The USSR held nineteenth place in American exports and twenty-second in its imports in 1937. But, as is evident from the above table, Soviet purchases reached their height at the depth of the depression and were concentrated in the heavy industries basic to American economy, which enhanced their relative value to American business. Today Soviet purchases in some branches of American industry, as for instance in the machine-tool industry, still occupy a place of importance, taking more than a third of its foreign sales.

"The effect of the American-Soviet trade agreements of the past three years is amply demonstrated in the table. During the years covered by the agreements, the Soviet Union exceeded its promised purchases. Under the first, from July 1935 to June 1936, its purchases were $35,600,000; in 1936-37 they were $32,500,000, and for the ten months, July 1937-April 1938, shipments to the Soviet Union have already reached $46,600,000, well in excess of the $40,000,000 guaranteed for the whole year and almost twice the $25,900,000 for the ten months, July 1936-April 1937. That Soviet purchases will continue on a large scale during the coming year is indicated by the statement made by David Rossoff, president of Amtorg, that Soviet orders placed in the United States during 1937 amounted to $75,000,000, in contrast to $35,000,000 in 1936. With a fair growth of American purchases in the Soviet Union and an extension of the trade agreement, the Soviet Commissariat of Foreign Trade will undoubtedly continue to buy American goods, both because they are of the type needed and because the alternate source in many cases would be fascist nations with whom the Soviet Union is rapidly diminishing its trade."

Impressive Victory

THE renomination of Sen. Alben W. Barkley by a margin of more than sixty thousand over Gov. A. B. (Happy) Chandler was an impressive victory for the New Deal. The Kentucky primary was regarded by progressives and reactionaries alike as the most important test of New Deal strength. The outcome of this test should prove encouraging to liberals throughout the country. Not all of Chandler's spellbinding, crooning, and handshaking, not all the power of his state machine and of the tory press which gave him vociferous support—nor the copious supplies of cash provided by big-business interests in the East—could turn the tide in his favor. And Chandler himself, by attempting to capitalize President Roosevelt's faint praise of him, gave additional testimony that the people of Kentucky—and of the country—are behind the New Deal program.

The right-wing press, which worked so strenuously to smear Barkley, is now busy minimizing the significance of the adminis-

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tration leader's victory. "Though the President had a great deal to lose if 'Dear Alben' had gone down to defeat," writes the New York *Herald Tribune,* "he never stood to gain much by a victory so far as the basic strategy of the situation is involved." Not much—except to have his right-hand man in Congress come through with flying colors against the combined opposition of the Copperhead Democrats and the Republicans. The Kentucky vote is not merely a victory for the New Deal. It is a victory for the principle of unity of all progressive forces against reaction. The Kentucky campaign saw the emergence of something approaching a democratic front, with the AF of L, the CIO, and the farmers' organizations supporting Barkley. It was this common stand, even though these groups entered into no formal agreement, that undoubtedly played a decisive role in Barkley's renomination. Georgia and other states, please copy.

Discrimination Checked

DISCRIMINATION by white-owned chain and retail stores against Negro employees in Harlem has been the source of serious discontent in recent years. The Negro citizens of Harlem rightly resented the carryover of a vicious racial policy into an area where they form the overwhelming majority of the population. To correct this injustice, a coordinating committee representing two hundred Negro organizations conducted an energetic campaign which was rewarded last week when the Uptown Chamber of Commerce, acting for hundreds of white-owned stores, guaranteed at least one-third of all sales positions in Harlem to Negro workers.

While this proportion is still inequitable, the agreement must be regarded as an important victory for progressive Negroes and whites who have long fought discriminatory racial policies in employment. The united effort which produced this victory points the way to new advances, not only in Harlem but in every other community. It is an elementary principle of justice and democracy that Negroes are fully entitled to jobs in every industry and profession, and we cannot rest until this principle is completely realized in practice.

Plus and Minus

THE Massachusetts State Federation of Labor has joined the growing number of labor organizations, both AF of L and CIO, that have endorsed a policy of collective action to curb the fascist aggressors and save world peace. At its annual convention last week the federation adopted a resolution supporting President Roosevelt's quarantine-the-aggressors speech of last October 5 and urging the speedy adoption of the policy enunciated in that speech.

The convention also passed a resolution demanding the immediate release of Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, and one "endorsing the program of defeating conservatives and for the election of liberals as outlined in President Roosevelt's recent fireside chat" and pledging support to progressive candidates.

All this is decidedly on the plus side and tends to line up the Massachusetts Federation with the CIO. Unfortunately, the convention permitted President William Green of the AF of L to stampede it into an attack on the National Labor Relations Board—one of the keystones of the New Deal program that the delegates pledged to support. A resolution adopted toward the end of the convention demanded the removal of Edwin S. Smith and Donald Smith from the NLRB. And Green's frenzied assault on the CIO, the NLRB, and on Edwin S. Smith was undoubtedly sweet music to the anti-union employers and to those very reactionaries whose defeat the convention called for. With the Girdlers and Weirs gunning for the Wagner act and the NLRB, it is all the more urgent for labor to stand united in their defense and to enlist farmers and middle-class people in support of one of the principal bulwarks of democracy and progress.

Runciman in Prague

LORD RUNCIMAN confers with a Henlein delegation for an hour and a half; Lord Runciman confers with government leaders for half an hour; Lord Runciman has received a memorandum from this group and that; Lord Runciman intends to take his time—from reports such as these, we gather that Lord Runciman is conducting himself like a superior power dealing with two other powers of equal importance, Czechoslovakia and Henlein. Announced to the world as unofficial and exploratory, the Runciman mission has done little to maintain the pretense. It seems bent upon driving a further wedge between the great majority of the nation and the Sudeten areas which Hitler covets. There is no reason to believe that it will be successful but, meanwhile, it contributes added tenseness to an already over-charged situation.

It appears that Lord Runciman is preparing the ground for public trial of Prime Minister Chamberlain's favorite policy toward Czechoslovakia. After spending much time with the various traitors to the nation, Father Hlinka of the Slovakian fascists, Count Esterhazy of the Hungarian fascists, and Henlein of the German fascists, he will propose some form of "plebiscite" on the "autonomy" question. The plebiscite scheme is an old Hitler stratagem which the Czechoslovakian government could not accept without questioning its own sovereignty. The Czech situation exactly duplicates, in this respect, the state of our own nation in 1861 when Britain assisted and encouraged the rebels of the South against the national government in Washington. The Abraham Lincolns of Czechoslovakia will stand firm but this Chamberlain effort constitutes active collaboration with Hitler's scheme to destroy the last remaining democracy in Central Europe.

Franco's Hopes Recede

THE rebel counter-offensive against the republican positions across the Ebro got under way last week but it made no notable dent in the government lines. Gandesa is still the central point of the fighting, just as it was three days after the original republican advance. The fascist high command apparently threw its maximum forces into the counter-offensive, even to the point of calling off the Levante drive, but the republicans held firm. Reenforcements in men and materials apparently reached and are reaching the loyalists across the Ebro, another indication of the excellent planning behind the whole enterprise.

The insurgent brain trust no longer expects any kind of a victory this year. In order to weaken the blow to its friends outside Spain, who will have to pay and pay plenty if Franco is to continue fighting at all, Burgos has inspired dispatches predicting another winter's campaign. Of course, the rebels would not have won this year whether the Ebro offensive had succeeded or not, or indeed if it had not been undertaken at all. But the changed military perspective of the rebels themselves is important because it should serve to disabuse their most optimistic supporters in England, France, and the United States of any idea that peace in Spain is possible through a rebel victory. This is the only kind of peace that is actually impossible. Really effective aid to republican Spain will bring peace to the Iberian peninsula because a republican victory is the only kind of victory that will satisfy the Spanish people.

No Collision with Mexico

THE disagreement between Mexico and the United States as expressed in the recent exchange of notes has been distorted and exaggerated out of all resemblance to the real issues. The New York *Times* (which plays an especially important role

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in this matter because its man, Frank L. Kluckhohn, is the chief mouthpiece of the anti-democratic forces in Mexico) has been indecently guilty now as before. A long editorial in the *Times* alleged that both governments were in a "head-on collision": the State Department demanded "prompt payment of just compensation to the owners" and the Mexican government refused to agree "that there is any principle calling even for 'deferred' payment." The impression was thereby conveyed that Mexico had flatly refused to pay for the expropriated lands. Carefully omitted was any mention of Mexico's explicit offer to negotiate upon the value and the conditions of payment for the land.

There is no "head-on collision" between the two governments unless the State Department wishes it to be so. Government after government in Mexico failed to break through the vicious circle of the peonage problem. The poverty of its people made the government too poor to pay for the lands upon which they worked and this in turn perpetuated the poverty. At last, the Cárdenas government made a real beginning in the only possible way: expropriation of the big, absentee-owned estates. The elimination of peonage is more than an economic problem. It is the key to the complete victory of democratic self-government in Mexico. As long as the masses of people are slaves of the soil, they cannot be freed from the semi-feudal influences of provincial war-lords like Cedillo and Yocupicio.

The State Department has not questioned Mexico's right to take the land for the benefit of her people. Neither has any doubt been raised of Mexico's disposition to pay when able. The sole disagreement turns on the speed of the payment. The State Department demands payment "promptly." The Mexican government offers to pay "according to her economic conditions." She proposes negotiations to settle the terms of payment. She rejects arbitration at this time only because the differences can be reconciled by negotiation.

Another Partition?

THE partition "solution" for Palestine is going through another metamorphosis. The dispatches from Jerusalem on the subject leave many questions unanswered but the main changes are clear. Instead of 2,500 square miles, the newly proposed Jewish state would get an area less than half that size. As a compensating factor, 95 percent of the population of the smaller territory would be Jewish. Few additional Jews could be admitted into the new state which is precisely the most thickly settled portion of Palestine today. The revised plan seems especially devised to ensure rejection by the Zionist movement. As for the Arabs, they would get nothing at all under the new scheme. Instead of an Arabian state composed of Transjordania and the remaining part of Palestine, the Arabs would go back to their status under the original mandate.

Zionists somewhat reluctantly embraced the original partition plan because it was impossible any longer to escape the conclusion that the Balfour Declaration was two-faced and the mandate unworkable. Still, they could not bring themselves to admit that any other British scheme would bedevil matters only more. They put their faith in another Downing Street concoction, this time partition—for dreams die hard.

Issues at Albany

AS THE New York State Constitutional Convention prepares to enter the home stretch, it is still uncertain what kind of constitution will be presented for the approval of the voters. The convention, which has been in continuous session since April 5, has labored under the handicap of having all its committees controlled by reactionary Republicans who have been assisted by Al Smith Democrats. Despite this lineup, the power of public opinion to determine the course of the convention was strikingly demonstrated last week when the committee on public utilities reported to the convention the proposal of Supreme Court Justice Charles Poletti to protect the power resources of the state. Though the committee reported the Poletti proposal "without recommendation and solely for the consideration of the convention," it had originally planned to kill it outright and present a substitute more favorable to the private-utilities interests. It was fear of giving the Democrats a campaign issue which would meet with popular support that caused the change of front on the part of the Republican-controlled utilities committee. Undoubtedly the Poletti proposal still faces a difficult fight on the floor.

In contrast to this partial victory is the reapportionment proposal which has just been placed before the convention. The present system of representation, under which New York City, with seven million of the state's thirteen million population, has only sixty-two of 150 Assembly seats, is bad enough. The new proposal, however, would increase this disproportion still further, giving New York sixty-five of 159 assemblymen, while in the Senate New York would have only twenty-four of fifty-three seats. This undemocratic proposal is designed to rivet the grip of the reactionary upstate Republicans on the State Legislature for the next twenty years, the period during which the new constitution will be operative. The home-rule proposal is also unsatisfactory, since it fails to expand the present inadequate tax powers of the cities and freezes useless political jobs.

The convention has still to act on a number of progressive proposals, among them a bill of rights for labor, a housing amendment, and a civil-rights measure to bar discrimination because of race, color, creed, or religion. And one of the most important issues facing the convention is the manner in which the new constitution will be submitted to the people. Obviously, the most democratic method would be to permit acceptance or rejection of each section separately rather than require a blanket yes or no vote on the constitution as a whole. Popular pressure will be required if the people of New York are to have a constitution that expresses the liberal sentiment of the state. Letters to the delegates and to Justice Frederick E. Crane, president of the convention, demanding action along progressive lines, are decidedly in order.

Stanislavsky

THE death of Konstantin Sergeyievich Stanislavsky, one of the foremost masters of the Russian stage and a founder of the Moscow Art Theater, is lamented throughout the world and especially, of course, in his own country. He was not only a great director, producer, teacher, and actor, he was a splendid human being as well, and one of the most beloved citizens in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Unlike Bunin and Merezhkovsky and Chaliapin and Granovsky, who deserted their people in the years of revolutionary transfiguration, Stanislavsky, despite moments of hesitation and doubt, remained loyal, holding on to his post, giving the best that was in him to a people hungry for beauty and culture. He belonged to that noble galaxy of the old Russian intelligentsia—Pavlov, Nemirovich-Danchenko, Prishvin, Burdenko, Michurin, Moskvin, etc.—who from a vague vision of the glory and promise of the Revolution advanced gradually (and not always painlessly) to an enthusiastic acceptance of it. In return the Revolution took them to its bosom, nourishing their genius, acclaiming their work, cherishing their example, immortalizing their names. Expressing the admiration and gratitude of the revolutionary Soviet masses, the government of the USSR had conferred one honor after another upon them. Stanislavsky was proclaimed the People's Artist of the USSR,

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he was given the Red Banner of Labor, and, finally, the highest honor in the eyes of the Soviet masses, the Order of Lenin.

Stanislavsky's art was peculiarly in harmony with the Soviet spirit. His scrupulous realism, his emphasis on the ensemble, the "collective," rather than on the individual, the "star"; his democratic insistence on actors developing their own artistic individualities instead of submerging them (as Meyerhold and Tairov demanded) in the tyrannical will of the director—all this endeared his method to actors and audiences alike. And if Stanislavsky, before October, was known and appreciated by thousands of the theatrical élite, after October he came to be known and appreciated by millions. He gradually rose to the position of a genuine people's artist. That, more than his formal title, was in his own estimation the most gratifying thing that had happened to him in his long and fruitful life.

Martin and Lovestone Can't Win

THE grotesque "trial" of the suspended leaders of the United Automobile Workers Union has produced the expected results: three high officers expelled, one suspended. Denied protection from the physical violence which Homer Martin's scores of strong-arm men surrounding the trial room promised, the suspended officials stayed away from the farcical proceedings. Instead, they gave out, through their attorney, Maurice Sugar, a mass of information on the inside workings of Homer Martin's machine, information which it is vitally necessary for the public to have, in order to form a correct estimate of what is at stake in this crisis in the automobile workers' union.

The auto industry has for months been stagnating in a crisis of unemployment. If ever a union needed stability, unity, and singleness of purpose, the UAW needs these qualities now to weather this most difficult period of its entire history. It is at such a moment that Martin has plunged the organization into tumultuous confusion, blunting its fighting edge, lowering its morale, and rendering it incapable of giving its undivided attention to pressing problems. If the employers have not already seized advantage of the situation by an overt move against the union, it is only because they hope, and have some reason to believe, that Martin and his boys will still further weaken the organization. The loss of the New Orleans taxi strike is even now being blamed upon the internal situation of the UAW, and is a sample of the difficulties auto workers will face if they are forced into a fight to retain the gains made in the past two years.

Martin's activities can be explained in only one way—he has come to the parting of the ways with the CIO and its major principles. As a trade-union leader, Martin has been noted chiefly for his talents at being inept and maladroit. He is a small man in a big post. His achievements before finding himself at the head of a great and powerful union include little beyond setting a record in the hop, skip, and jump—an achievement which earned him the title of "Leaping Parson." His emotional instability was fully expressed on that famous occasion last fall when he so completely lost his head that he greeted a grievance delegation of rank and filers with a gun. What he lacks in ability he has tried to make up with bombast and dramatic utterance. His pulpit oratory has been his greatest asset, but even the silver tongue is becoming tarnished with the acid of his vituperation these latter days, and the charm has left his voice. In the conference room he has done poorly —so poorly that when John L. Lewis came to Detroit to negotiate the settlement of the great General Motors strike, he could find no better use for Martin than to send him on a speaking tour while the CIO chieftain and the officers now suspended battled it out with the corporation.

Being what he is, Martin has sought advisers, and advisers have sought him. He has for long been surrounded by them, and almost without exception they are followers of Jay Lovestone, the renegade who was expelled from the Communist Party in 1929 for factionalism and disruption. Lovestone has since then concentrated on fighting the Communist Party, and has developed into a professional purveyor of assorted Red scares and a master of intrigue, duplicity, and manipulation. The documentary material published last week by the *Daily Worker*, all of which was made available to the entire press, consists among other things of letters that passed between Lovestone and Martin. They reveal Lovestone as preparing the agenda for the last UAW convention, and as drafting, for Martin to sign, a conciliatory letter to William Knudsen, president of General Motors. There is further evidence of a Lovestone-Martin plot to block the endorsement of Governor Murphy by Labor's Non-Partisan League; of the contempt the Lovestoneites express among themselves for their tool Martin; and the hatred that the Lovestoneites and Martin and his followers unite in feeling for John L. Lewis and the CIO leadership.

The activities of Martin, dominated as he is by Lovestone and receiving the blessing of the Trotskyites, threatens most immediately the unity and fighting strength of the automobile workers' union. It has implications, however, for more than the organized labor movement, for the Lovestoneites and Trotskyites vent their hatred not only against the Communist Party but against all genuinely progressive forces.

The Lovestoneites, who are the American counterparts of the traitorous Bukharin group in the Soviet Union, stand revealed as professional disrupters. They operate in the same manner as the Trotskyites; both groups espouse a similar program.

The Lovestoneites oppose unity in the labor movement and promote factionalism as a matter of principle. They oppose the development of a democratic front, and work against Labor's Non-Partisan League. They have propounded the theory that it is useless for labor to press for its demands during an economic crisis, and in the UAW have followed a policy of capitulation to General Motors and virtual abandonment of the drive to organize the Ford Motor Co. Under this influence, Martin himself, in a press conference last March, delivered himself of the opinion that labor would have to take a wage cut. In the matter of w[illegible] and the movement against it, the Lovest[illegible]ites are violent opponents of the id[illegible] of a peace alliance of democracies agains[illegible] fascist countries, and preach pure isolationism. They proudly displayed Martin as one of their window pieces in the recent "Keep America Out of War" conference in Washington, where Ham Fish, Norman Thomas, and Bert Wolfe, Lovestoneite leader, collaborated so harmoniously. When these and other points of the Lovestone "program" are added together, they spell repudiation of the main principles of the CIO.

One thing is clear in the present situation—Martin is fighting a losing battle. No one who has followed the rise of the United Automobile Workers Union, who knows the temper and spirit of its membership, can be persuaded to believe that it can be swerved one jot away from the CIO and its principles. Above all, it cannot be veered in the direction of Lovestoneism, which is only a short cut to reaction. Already the overwhelming majority of union members, organized in the largest and most powerful locals, are on record against the expulsions and in favor of a special convention. It is estimated that between 70 and 85 percent of the membership have expressed themselves in favor of a special convention. It is idle just now to guess when and how the struggle will end, but the nature of the outcome has never been in doubt. Martin—and his manipulator Lovestone—can't win.

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THE CHACO

A Focal Point of Clashing World Forces

GEORGE MACGREGOR

THE Chaco war brought to the surface all the forces against democracy and peace in this Western hemisphere. Ancient Spain contributed her share with a heritage of undefined boundaries. Nineteenth-century nationalism brought on the War of the Pacific between Chile and Peru and Bolivia, the result of which excluded the last from her Pacific littoral. Bolivian objections to the verdict received their *coup de grâce* in Washington in 1929 when Peru and Chile divided the disputed territory between them. The development of imperialism on a large scale in Bolivia immediately after the World War emphasized the need of an outlet. In 1922 an American banking syndicate floated a $33,000,000 loan for which 65 percent of the national revenue was pledged. Four years later, 1926, Standard Oil acquired control of some 8,500,000 acres on the Chaco frontier. The same year saw a loan, almost $10,000,000 negotiated with Vickers-Armstrong for war materials, coincident with the employment of the German General Kundt to modernize the army. Bolivian nationalism responded to the vicious impact of the capitalistic struggle. The politicians transferred their program of hate from Chile to Paraguay.

In that country a similar impulse fanned the flames of nationalism. Argentine firms, dominated by English capital, had acquired cattle lands totaling more than ten million acres in the Chaco claimed by Paraguay. Moreover, Argentina's refusal to Bolivia of permission to build a pipe line from the Santa Cruz fields into Argentina closed the development of these rich pools. Bolivia's attempt therefore to secure a port on the Paraguay threatened the English-Argentine monopoly. Progressive elements in all Latin America denounced these American and British oil interests, seconded by munitions makers as we have recently learned from the Senate inquiry, for fanning the Chaco dispute into a war. Their belief was fortified, certainly, by the spectacle of two bankrupt countries continuing to purchase huge quantities of war materials.

The war saw the early success of the Paraguayan forces which swept over most of the Chaco and into Eastern Bolivia. However, the latter country extended its line to the Paraguay River. The slaughter went on while the American countries and the League of Nations struggled to resolve the conflict. The Pan-American conference on arbitration failed in 1929. Next Argentina, Brazil, Peru, and Chile began diplomatic maneuvers, but the weakness of Argentina as an interested party destroyed the effort. The League of Nations, overcoming United States opposition to European good offices, thereupon sent a commission into the Chaco late in 1933. After visiting the battle fields and holding conferences, the commission issued a remarkable report that clarified issues but left the war raging. The United States then proposed an arms embargo, but fascist Italy, Japan, and others, horrified at any prospect of peace, refused to join. Negotiations by American powers and the League with the combatants continued. Finally, in June 1935, Argentina and Chile succeeded in getting an armistice, which on Jan. 1, 1936, matured into a protocol. Left suspended, however, were the territorial claims of the two belligerents.

Within the five countries themselves the war brought political upheavals. In Paraguay the turn was fascist. Franco, with a coterie of military officers, seized power; supporting them were a handful of Paraguayan politicians who held office only by virtue of continued hostilities. In Bolivia the overthrow drove out Captain Roehm, "martyred" by Hitler, who had replaced Kundt. A conservative-liberal government confiscated the holdings of the Standard Oil, canceled other foreign concessions, and looked for peace.

However, the hopes of the Bolivian liberals and the Western world were dashed by the Justo dictatorship, fascist in nature, in Argentina, closely identified with British imperialism. Through Saavedra Llamas, his foreign secretary, the Chaco solution suffered delay after delay. Particularly notable was the exclusion of the question, through Saavedra's influence, from the agenda of the 1938 Pan-American Conference in Buenos Aires which made notable declarations regarding inter-American peace and friendship. Moreover, within Paraguay the small camarilla of Franco politicians upheld Saavedra by rejecting the several proposals for settlement which Bolivia in the interests of inter-American peace regularly accepted. Ultimately the defeat of Justo, the deep longing of the Paraguayan and Bolivian peoples for peace, and the steady pressure of the five American states trying to evolve a formula, paved the way for the final peace signed July 21 of this year.

The basis of the agreement is that the major part of the Chaco in which Paraguayan forces had operated goes to Paraguay. However, Paraguay did surrender to Bolivia a significant strip across the north from the Pilcomayo River near Pozo Hondo to a point just north of the mouth of the Negro River on the Paraguay River, the exact points to be fixed by an arbitration commission. Specifically Paraguay guaranteed to Bolivia right of free transit through its territory to Puerto Casado on the Paraguay River with the right of Bolivia to establish there depots and stores necessary for carrying on her foreign trade. Vitally important and a testimonial to the good-neighbor policy is the clause by which both agree not to engage in war over any present or future difficulty but to submit differences to arbitral proceedings of the various American pacts and conventions.

The settlement of the Chaco war has its larger importance in American affairs. President Ortiz, by using his influence in the direction of peace and therefore democratic evolution, has broken with the Saavedrista tradition of fostering suspicion and intrigue. The emergence of Bolivia as an Atlantic power will reduce her dependence upon feudal-fascist Peru. Moreover, the Atlantic port will bring important civilizing influences into the rich Oriente area of Bolivia, not so impenetrable as generally believed. An Indian country, like Mexico, Bolivia has a soil in which democratic and progressive ideas can flourish, already manifested in her confiscation of the Standard Oil holdings. Mexico's recent expropriation of all the foreigners' oil has found wide approval among Bolivians. Contact with the vigorous intellectual life of the La Placa, a toning down of influences from priest-ridden Peru, and a feeling of brotherly solidarity with Mexico are among the beneficial results of Bolivia's struggle.

★

COMMODORE PERRY

. . . On the morning of July 8, 1853, a fleet flying the Stars and Stripes and commanded by Commodore Perry appeared in Yedo Bay and, clearing its decks for action, demanded the leveling of the trade barriers. Deeply humiliated, the nation yielded, resolved to make herself over in the likeness of her Western neighbors. . . .

We nozzled into Yedo Bay as
into a church. Seagull convoyed
we came and eye circumferenced intently
as a magician's hat. And here where
Kublai Khan had failed, we anchored—

O deputized unwelcomely
now in the cannon's tongue! You are
the chosen of the lord and dollar god

of hosts. Cherish the guerdon, wrap it up
in quotes . . . blueprint our winning ways
and file each detail . . . remember them

maneuver for maneuver for history's sake
when the cycle swings this way again, and you
(apprenticed duly) scavenge the antiquity

of Asia ultimately to be washed digested
into the China Sea. Remember, for
you will have need of precedent to plead
your case with utmost courtesy.

WALTER BENTON.

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WHY NOT BE SELFISH?

The Author of *I Like America* Talks to the Readers

GRANVILLE HICKS

SOME three months after its publication, *I Like America* has had only a handful of reviews. So far as I know, no New York newspaper except the *World-Telegram* and the *Times* has noticed the book. *Time,* the *Nation,* and the *New Yorker* have ignored it. Most of the reviews that I have seen appeared in small-city newspapers scattered through the country.

But if the book has had few reviews, it has brought me more letters than *The Great Tradition* and *John Reed* put together. More than fifty strangers have written me about it: a manufacturer in Ohio, a teacher in Tennessee, a lawyer in Colorado, a worker in New Jersey, a student at Harvard, a doctor in Vermont, an engineer in New York.

Two of these correspondents expressed vigorous disapproval. Several limited themselves to kind words. The majority asked questions. I have tried to answer the questions in letters to my correspondents, but it has not always been easy to find time for adequate answers, and I find, moreover, that the same questions are asked again and again.

What I am going to try to do in NEW MASSES, then, is to answer some of those repeated questions. If some persons have been enough troubled by them to go to the bother of writing me, the chances are that they have occurred to many other readers of *I Like America.*

The question I want to deal with this week was raised with peculiar cogency in a long letter that came from Boston. The author begins by saying that he believes in Communism—"as an ideal, as a wonderful theory." "I should like to have Communism," he goes on, "but I have abandoned hope of such a phenomenon in this country in my lifetime—and my lifetime is all that matters to me. Animals are selfish by nature, and I am an animal. Why should I become a crusader, a martyr for a benevolent cause, or even an enthusiastic believer in an ideal that I am convinced I shall never see. Hitch your wagon to a star in flights of theory, I say, but stay out of the wagon."

I wish this correspondent had told me how he earns his living, for I should like to know why he is so sure he is acting in his own interests in acquiescing in the capitalist system. He apparently believes—and there are still many like him—that he can make a choice between Socialism and the status quo. Millions of Americans thought that in 1929, and a year later they were walking the streets. Millions of Germans thought that in 1932, and a year later they were tightening their belts and trembling before Nazi brutality.

The system does not stand still. As capitalism declines, there is unemployment, and, unless people struggle for relief, there is starvation. Let it decline still further, and, unless the people resist, there is fascism. Perhaps this gentleman has nothing to lose by economic depression, nothing to lose under fascism, nothing to lose if the United States goes to war; otherwise I cannot see how he can pretend that his immediate interests are not involved. An intelligently selfish man has got to consider the kind of world there will be five, ten, or twenty years from now.

I believe, then, that this correspondent of mine is, from his own point of view, betting on the wrong horse, but I can see why he may not think so. He might say something like this: "I am a reasonably intelligent and resourceful member of the middle class. I am not counting on becoming rich, but I have a comfortable income, and, if I am discreet, it is likely to increase as time goes on. I realize that, as the capitalist system declines—and I know it will decline—my income may be reduced. Nevertheless, I think I am smart enough to keep on top for a long time, and certainly I will be better off than I would if I endangered my job here and now by taking an unpopular stand. As for the revolution—well, if it comes in my time, which I doubt, I guess I'll manage to get on the bandwagon, and, even if I don't, I'll have had a good many years of easy living, whereas you guys will have worked hard and lived miserably, and you'll probably be just damn fools enough to go on working hard after the revolution."

But perhaps my correspondent wouldn't say this. A lot of people actually live according to some such principles, but very few express them. Instead, they defend their opposition to Communism on all sorts of fancy intellectual grounds.

Why should they bother? At the risk of seeming preachy, I venture the guess that it's because they know they have other interests besides easy living.

I suspect that my correspondent recognizes this. I observe, for example, that he goes on to talk about "the primitive mass-mind," and suggests that the nation "is composed largely of imbeciles." Why does he do this? Even if his estimate of the intelligence of the American masses were correct, it would still be irrelevant. He has what he claims to be a good case. Why, then, should he try to justify his attitude by talking about the stupidity of the masses?

It seems clear that he is trying to bolster up his argument because he is not so sure of himself as he pretends to be. If the American people are morons, then they probably deserve to be exploited, and in any case nothing can be done about it, and so he might as well go his own pleasant way. Of course he says that he intends to go his own sweet way anyhow, but it's much easier if he can convince himself that it won't really make any difference.

In *I Like America* I tell about a man I met on a train, who, after a long and intelligent discussion of literary topics, turned to politics and said, "People are corrupt, and you can't do anything about it. In thousands and thousands of years you can't do anything about it. I know there are injustices under our system, but there are injustices under every system, and always will be. Human nature is bad." And I go on to tell how I discovered that this man was a lawyer engaged in rather shady practices. He had to believe human nature was bad in order to justify his own conduct.

No Marxist would deny that men are motivated by self-interest, but what every Marxist knows is that self-interest is a complicated thing. Marx realized that capitalism would be abolished only by those who had an interest in superseding it, but he knew, if only from self-analysis, that an interest in the abolition of capitalism might be of many kinds. The Russian Revolution meant simple material things—peace, land, bread—to the masses of the Russian people, who therefore fought for it, but to the Bolsheviks it meant justice, equality, and a new civilization, and without the Bolsheviks there would not have been a successful revolution.

The complexity of human motives still baffles the psychologists, but we do know that they are complex. People do want comfort, even luxury, and many are willing to sacrifice everything else in order to have comfort and luxury. But they usually know that something has been sacrificed, something that could give their lives richness and meaning. We Communists object bitterly to the fact that millions are undernourished in a land of plenty, but we also object, just as strongly, to the fact that men and women are not allowed to develop the capacities within them. What my correspondent proposes to do is deliberately to stultify some of his capacities in order to have an easy life.

I wonder if he has ever looked carefully at men who have done this. When I was writing the biography of John Reed, I examined the book in which his classmates told what had happened to them in the twenty-five years since graduation. It is the most depressing reading I have ever done. One man after another confesses that he finds his principal satisfaction in golf or bridge or drinking. Actually they make clear that they find no satisfaction at all. Many of these men could not have been different from what they are. Their circumstances were such that there was no alternative to the kind of life they followed.

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My correspondent sees an alternative, and yet he talks about rejecting it—believing that he is following self-interest in doing so.

What we know is that, if the masses of people don't do something about it, the world is going to be an increasingly uncomfortable place to live in. Unless, as I have said, my correspondent has somehow convinced himself that he will be untouched by depression, fascism, and war, I do not see how he can deny that. What he can deny is that it will be to his immediate personal interest to be one of the millions who struggle. In terms of dollars and cents this may or may not be true, but in terms of other values it is not true. I doubt if many psychologists would laugh at me for maintaining that self-respect is a value. We have all seen what happens, psychologically, to the people who sell out, and it's not a pretty spectacle. After a fairly extensive experience with people who live according to my correspondent's principles and with people who are working for what they believe in, I am willing to say that, whether you call their motive altruism or enlightened selfishness, the latter are the winners.

Another article describing questions raised by readers of "I Like America" will appear in an early issue.

★

MANHATTAN SLUMS

"PEOPLE should not sleep in overcrowded rooms. . . . Open the windows and let the air in," says the New York City Health Department in giving advice on how to cure and prevent tuberculosis. This information is free, it's on the city.

And every year, ten thousand New Yorkers die of tuberculosis. This, too, is on the city.

The vast majority of tuberculosis deaths occur amongst families living in the tenement districts, both in the "old law" and "new law" firetraps, the greatest death toll being in the older sections of Manhattan.

That slums and low wages go hand in hand with the real-estate interests, all part and parcel of the profit system, is clearly established in the following facts.

In 1867 the first law aimed at preventing slums was passed. The city Health Department was the agency enforcing it, and with it went the power which it still has, "the right to waive requirements [for decent housing] in specific cases," or just another way of saying, "Landlord, here is your loophole."

The result was the building of over 82,000 firetraps, without windows and adequate sanitary facilities, generally known as "old law tenements." Such a stink was raised about these buildings that in 1900 an investigating commission inspected them (the firetraps, not the Health Department) and found them "unfit for human habitation."

Yet today, in 1938, over sixty thousand people are still living in the same buildings.—GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

THE ROCKEFELLER POSE

The Great Have Responsibilities

OSRO MIST

THE reader will remember that at the end of the first chapter there were five Rockefeller boys, in addition to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the father of the boys. The boys' names are John D. III, Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and David. They range in age from twenty-three to thirty-two years. The middle name of all the boys is "Stewardship." This is also the middle name of the old man. If you will remember, it was also the name of the original John D. Rockefeller. It used to be that this name was not conferred at birth, but later in life, under the supervision of an Ivy Lee and such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*. In this generation, however, whenever a Rockefeller is slapped on the buttocks at birth by the attending physician, he does not utter the usual infant "Waa!" but starts talking about "Stewardship."

The Rockefeller boys all attended large Eastern universities, and their classes in every instance, except one, voted them at graduation as "most likely to succeed." Winthrop dropped out of Yale before graduation to keep this from happening to him. Of all the Rockefellers, he is the most modest.

Growing up, members of the Rockefeller family do not get to play poker in the home, like many lucky American families. The original John D. played Flinch and Authors, and so did John D., Jr. It is a tradition in the Rockefeller family. If you are a Rockefeller and want to play any other card game, your life will be thoroughly miserable. When old John D. was establishing his oil monopoly—killing off his competitors in a much smoother manner than the Chicago gangsters were later to adopt—he did not act as bluntly as the average modern monopolist. A typical monopolist today is apt to order a thoroughly orughed-up competitor about in a most undignified manner. After he has mopped up the ground with him, he is just as likely as not to say, "Scram!" Never a Rockefeller. In the warm, old-fashioned manner of the original John D., a Rockefeller calls out simply, "Flinch!" But when a Rockefeller says, "Flinch!" you know you're through.

This brings us to the Rockefeller poise. John D. had a great deal of poise. Whenever anybody asked him how he made his money, he never batted an eye. His answer was always the same: "God gave it to me!" That is real poise.

The *Saturday Evening Post* relates that the Rockefellers believe their money belongs to God—they only spend it for Him. It is interesting to observe how John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as the Grand Custodian carries out the responsibilities of the Holy Trust. The *Post* article lists that he has paid the Rockefeller boys the following rewards:

> Killing mice in the attic—five cents a mouse.
> Shining shoes—a nickel a pair.
> Killing flies—ten cents a hundred.

At this scale of wages, John D., Jr., was paying under the market. Is it any wonder that the Divine Grace shines on him if he can get his shoes shined for five cents, while the rest of us pay a dime?

There is nothing like a regular family schedule to give poise to everybody in it. This the Rockefeller family has always had.

7 a. m.—bath (good old American tub, not shower).
7:45 a. m.—prayers (Baptist).
8 a. m.—breakfast (good old American griddle cakes and maple syrup).
8:30 a. m.—roller-skate to school or work (sometimes good old American chauffeur).
12 noon—lunch (just like every other American).
1 p. m.—responsibilities.
2 p. m.—*responsibilities.*
3 p. m.—RESPONSIBILITIES!

The responsibilities of great wealth increase throughout the day until along toward evening it is impossible to convey the idea at all in type of any known size. Somehow, however, the Rockefellers manage to keep their poise. You are lucky to be just an average American and can thank your stars for the Rockefeller family, who will clip your coupons of the national wealth for you.

Still it is a part of the Rockefeller poise, in magazine articles, that they never have a thought about making money, only for helping you and everybody else. At table John D., Jr., talks only of "the welfare of the Chinese and the latest defense against the boll weevil." Nothing is ever said about the Standard Oil tankers on the Yangtze or taking over the land of the small farmers of our country by the Rockefeller life insurance companies. So we won't talk about it here. Even when Nelson Rockefeller (the front of the third generation) is elected a director of Creole Petroleum, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, he is "not chosen to represent the family, but the public interest."

There is a chance that this article, and others on the Rockefellers, should not be entitled, "The Rockefeller Poise," but "The Rockefeller Pose."

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Readers' Forum

"Let Us Look Up"

TO NEW MASSES: My house is on the side of Telegraph Hill, just under the hill's steep top, and the sun on the garden is good. Even after I had washed the garden dirt from my hands and cooked my supper, I could still feel the sun-heat in my shoulders. As I ate, I talked to my cat curled on the kitchen table beside my plate.

And without warning the house shook; its food-fragrant warmth became a vacuum and terrible; thunder burst in my head; the cat, suddenly gaunt, streaked for the bathroom, hid quivering under the toilet. It was one step for me through the back door and into the garden. And again the house shuddered; the thunder shut off the eardrums; and this time crimson whorls of fire exploded in my face.

I knew, cheek gripped against the wall, that this was the night they were going to set off fireworks from the top of the hill.

But in the first instant, it had not been fireworks; it had been Ethiopia, or China, or Spain.

The next time the house staggered, I walked into my garden, as though brave. I stood with my face upturned as the colored fire shot down into my eyes; with a crash the fire-blossom exploded, spiraled and spread; again it bloomed wide in vermilion; now, blinding white, with offshoots that whirled with a crazy whish.

Farther down the hill you could hear the thrill of the crowd, after each boom. The little Italian girls made a game of saying a long, alto "Ahh-hh-h" as each flower of flame unfurled and faded. The voices of the Chinese children were high, staccato.

The men and women laughed excitedly. You could hear their accents, Italian, Spanish, French, Slavonic. They all live on Telegraph Hill. And you could hear the more cautiously modulated laughter of the people who had come from across town in their cars and the people who were watching from the windows of the big apartment house.

"Ahh-hh-h," chanted the little Italian girls. And I stood, brave, my feet planted squarely on grass that I had weeded with my hands, staring upward unabashed at the blazing bouquet, its blood-buds bursting, catapulting downward, and I knew they would melt into darkness an incredible second before smashing me to pieces on my own earth.

You wouldn't do this in an air-raid, I whispered under the next crash.

In an air-raid you would have seized your shuddering, scratching cat, and fled gibbering from the house, leaving your little pale green willow shoot to be stripped, your pansy bed to be crushed, your house to be stove in, smashing your grandmother's china that she loved and your mother loved and you loved, ripping up your Gauguin print and your Van Gogh, crushing the music out of the Beethoven and Bach of your records, making a bonfire of your Thomas Mann, your James Joyce, your Edna St. Vincent Millay, and as you ran down the street to nowhere, because there would be nowhere to go, your cat would leap screeching from your arms and be trampled to pieces under the terrified feet of others running nowhere.

And this would not matter because the little Italian girls would still be saying, "Ahh-hh-h," long and wailing, for their arms and legs would be torn from their bodies, and the voices of the Chinese children would be high and staccato with pain, and the men's and women's voices, Italian, Spanish, French, Slavonic, would be loud, and some shouting and some laughing—crazy laughter.

And all their dogs and canaries, and newborn litters of kittens, and their shelves of spices in the kitchen and the sausage they were saving for a festive occasion, and the dresses they were making and the suits they were mending, all these would be shattered to pieces, blown to bits, maimed, burned, reduced to ashes, along with all their dreams of picnics, of music lessons for the little boy, of a raise next month and maybe a car next year, and the dreams of the young of love and marriage, and the dreams of the newly married of children, and the dreams of the old for peace.

And when it was over, over for tonight, over for a few hours anyway, who could go back to his gutted house and think of the trip to the mountains for his mother, the radio for his wife, the linen closet he had promised to build in the bathroom, or the poem he had wanted to write?

The fireworks have finished, and the Chinese children go back to their homes over the stores of their parents, the stores displaying placards addressed "To our American Friends," the placards that plead for a boycott of those who are murdering Chinese children in the home of their ancestors. The Italian children go back to their homes, where some of their fathers hum the strains of *Giovinezza.* Some do not. Some hum other songs behind closed doors. The Spanish children go to their homes, where their mothers and fathers do not know what has become of their own parents in the old country.

The fireworks have finished. The last fierce petals have rushed at the earth. It was Mussolini's son who found war so beautiful, the dropped bomb turning the tight knot of Ethiopians huddled on their homeland into a beautifully opening red flower. But that was war seen from above, looking down. Let us look up, let us look at it from below. Let us look upward at the evil flowers, the perverted blooms with their roots in the sky that grow downward to devour us. And then let us rise and take those roots in our strong hands.

San Francisco. JEAN WINTHROP.

Land of the Free

TO NEW MASSES: My first school days began at East Boston about the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. The procedure was like this: After calling the roll the school-mistress would read a chapter from the Bible, although the scholars were not old enough to understand what it was all about. The school would then sing in unison a verse that went something like this:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand.
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

This was sung very unctuously, with the teacher leading; then after glancing about the room with a toothsome smile, she would ask sweetly, "Do all you little boys and girls love Jesus this morning?" And every little liar—myself included—would pipe up, "Yes'm."

A patriotic song was next in order, the last stanza of which, sung *fortissimo,* was

"Land of the free
And home of the brave."

After entering grammar school I began to study history and learned that because the Seminole Indians objected to having their lands stolen from them, they became ignorant savages, and their chief, Osceola, a little lower than a "horse thief." According to this history, Capt. Daniel Shays, who led an economic revolt in the Berkshires, must have been a cross between a bushranger and a highwayman. This was the brand of teaching and history to make patriots—used in Civil War times.

Now I would like to call the attention of the readers of NEW MASSES to a book entitled *Land of the Free,* by Archibald MacLeish. It consists of nearly one hundred full-page photos, together with a poem by Mr. MacLeish. It is a well known fact that a fine picture of an event or a people taken from life is more convincing than a long windy dissertation of hundreds of words, because the average worker has not the time or the disposition to read a long tiresome article, but a fine photo drives home its point instantly.

I believe that there is a concerted effort to soft-pedal this book, for with its photos and Mr. MacLeish's biting poem it constitutes the most bitter, devastating indictment of the present regime that has ever been published.

"Land of the Free"—the home and breeding place of the slimy political crook. This book proves conclusively what 162 years of capitalism, aided and abetted by all the political crooks, has done to this land of the free and its people. They should be proud of their work. Rockwell Kent is right. Communism is the hope of the world.

Waltham, Mass. W. R. JOHNSTON.

Modern Dance

TO NEW MASSES: Blanche Evan's article on the modern dance rightly called for the modern dancer to be concerned with (1) specific thematic materials, (2) a more immediate intelligibility. Correctly, too, she indicated that the modern dance is aware of its remnants of obscurantism, its lack in rapport with the people's audience, that it wants this audience and is consciously moving towards clearer statement and composition built on materials of specific and current significance. However, the extent of this movement, its speed of development away from preoccupation with the introspective psyche towards the more objective social scene was left largely to the imagination—so that a distortion of the actual state of the dance resulted. Also an element of confusion entered as a consequence of sometimes careless formulation, sometimes a discounting of serious developments in the art, and sometimes, as well, an unclear understanding of its esthetic.

Modern dance was born not simply in revolt against the romanticism of Duncan, the eclecticism of St. Denis, etc., but rather definitely grew out of the post-war efforts of the intellectual bourgeoisie towards a separation from the reality of the social scene, escape.

However, modern dance, scarcely ten years old, like any other art, demands an audience, was compelled by the changing tenor of social forces to move out of its reticence and obscurity into a more comprehensible language. The road was not and is still not easy. But love of purity was not its principal difficulty. "Pure dance" went by the boards with the coming of the memorable unemployment marches and the hunger demonstrations. But dance is not a literary art, and does not aim to translate into physical movements its related arts, music, poetry, etc. Body movement is its medium (plus whatever other elements, voice, costume, color, etc., the dancer deems necessary to the specific composition), and body movement as a medium of intellectual expression (dance, not pantomime) is quite a new thing—which should explain, among all else, its small, but rapidly expanding, audience.

Nevertheless, the dancers have made and are making consistent strides in this direction. Contrary to Blanche Evan's remarks, whatever "purity" is left is being discarded rapidly; programmatic notes are more and more in evidence (that sometimes programmatic notes and dance choreography are at variance must be expected and must be laid to specific failure rather than to opportunism), themes are increasingly of a more objective character and socially pointed: Tamiris' *How Long Brethren,* the ten-week-run dances of Negro Songs of Protest, Nadia Chilkovsky's WPA children's tale of proletarian rising, Martha Graham's *Deep Song,* Charles Weidman's *This Passion.*

OWEN BURKE.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Logic of Our Times

JOHN STRACHEY has been called the most successful "popularizer" of Marxist theory in English. But that description in no way does him justice. For Strachey is a master teacher. He convinces not because he simplifies or vulgarizes but because he translates what he has to say in a manner that becomes both clear and meaningful to the reader. His ability to communicate stems from his own thorough and integrated understanding.

His books, for all their clarity, are not "easy" reading. They demand attentiveness and creative thinking—the willingness to build a structure of thought from the bottom up. The argument that takes form through the pages of Strachey's fluent, flexible, patient prose does not attempt to avoid subtleties. Yet to the reader who participates in the development of Strachey's theses, the conclusions become inevitable. And the knowledge gained is far different from the pseudo-comprehension making for bright conversation that covers up ignorance. Strachey stimulates an appetite for more study, a realization of how much yet remains to be learned.

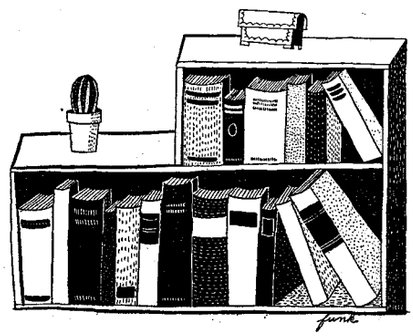
The purpose of Strachey's latest book (*What Are We to Do? A History of the British and American Labor Movements,* by John Strachey. Random House. $3.), he tells us in the introduction, is "to discover whether, and if so under what conditions and circumstances, the labor movement may be an instrument of desirable social change." There can be no more important question in this country today: "There is not the slightest danger that we shall not be forced to do something. On the contrary our whole danger is that we shall not have learnt in time what to do and how to do it."

Perhaps the title of Strachey's book is somewhat misleading. He has not written the factual history of the British and American labor movements—references to American experience are, for the most part, passing examples to illustrate the general theme of the book. Instead, Strachey has concerned himself with the ideological development of the labor movement, admittedly restating the studies of Marx and Lenin on the same subject and applying them to the contemporary scene. He seeks to explain the past so that the present becomes clear. For, as Strachey says, "It is only in the study of the past that we can hope to discover what to do now."

The book can profitably be read in conjunction with Allen Hutt's superb *Post-War History of the British Working Class,* with William Z. Foster's *From Bryan to Stalin* (to which Strachey often refers), and with several recent examinations of the rise and growth of the CIO. With these books as additional background, Strachey's dynamic, Marxian examination of the theoretical premises and the resulting direction of the American and British labor movements becomes complete, and his suggested pattern of action for the immediate future becomes even more convincing.

The labor movement in England failed to fulfill its promises. Not because it did not grow, not because it did not gain political power, but because the ideology underlying the British labor movement and its political party rejected scientific Socialism. It embraced a theory of "gradualism" that foresaw a time when the ruling class would make ever greater concessions to the working class. With the premise that the economic health of capitalism and its capacity for expansion would continue steadily on the upgrade, the "British" or Fabian Socialists confidently waited for the inevitable rise in power of the labor movement. Of course, this rise of working-class power would be slow; as a result, the British Socialists were convinced that it was their task to sell the capitalists the idea of introducing Socialism in easy stages. Taken together with the confusion that building Socialism and the winning of power were in the end one and the same thing, the program of the British Socialists led them into collaboration with the class in power. The working class, in their eyes, must conciliate the capitalists so that the ruling class would not be hostile to Socialism. The owners of the means of production must be won over, by kind words, kind deeds, friendly gestures, to a willingness to embrace a Socialist society. Once the capitalists saw the evil of their ways, they would gradually—oh, so gradually—adopt more and more of Socialism's forms until capitalism withered away.

This notion unfortunately found support not only among the Fabians but, through them, among a large number of trade-union leaders and, more important still, among the leaders of the British Labor Party. The result was capitulation to the capitalists. By not anticipating capitalist crisis and, once crisis occurred, by refusing to recognize it, the British Labor Party gave way even more abjectly before the retrenchment program of the ruling class. Denial of the class struggle led the Labor Party to cooperate with the capitalists in the attempt to make the workers pay for depression and capitalist decline through unemployment, pay cuts, lowered standard of living, and the weakening of workers' organizations.



Tom Funk

One retreat led to another. The resolve of the British Labor Party, once it won office, for its members to be better guardians of the capitalist state than the capitalists themselves disillusioned the workers and their allies. Capitulation to the enemy class led to the desertion by Great Britain of Ethiopia, China, Spain, Austria—and to the present wordy but so far impotent fretting by the Labor Party against Chamberlain's policy of placating the aggressors and of cooperating with the warmaking fascist nations.

Strachey could have illustrated the dangers of collaboration by citing the ineffectualness of the American Federation of Labor. Gompersism was based on a denial of the existence of class antagonisms, and a belief that the interests of the employers and the interests of the workers were identical. In his explanation of why the American unions did not form an independent political party similar to the British Labor Party, Strachey suggests:

> The AF of L was simply too weak to have any prospect of success in creating a party of its own. Its leaders saw no prospect of actually getting the protection they needed by means of a labor party.

True enough as far as it goes, but still more significant was the fact that the illusion fostered by Gompers that class antagonisms between owners and workers were nonexistent led the American trade-union movement to the conclusion that the bosses and the unions had the same outlook. And therefore Gompersism contended that, though the ruling class dominated the Democratic and Republican Parties, these parties, nevertheless, could represent the political interests of the workers quite satisfactorily. In addition, the policy of collaboration led the unions to conciliate the employers; Gompers and his aides were convinced that independent political ac-

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tion would annoy the ruling class; to prevent them from being antagonized was an end to which everything—including an independent political party—should unquestioningly be sacrificed.

Once Strachey has sketched with unchallengeable logic the reasons for the British Labor Party's weaknesses and failures, once he has shown the tendency of disgusted workers to take recourse in a political syndicalism, he sets about answering the question "What are we to do?" Clearly, class collaboration has succeeded only in bringing the world to the brink of war and in menacing every democracy with fascism. To continue conciliating the capitalist class means defeat of the working class—and with it, the progressive—movement, and the likelihood that our civilization will be destroyed. All hope of the ruling class conceding Socialism is as real as the prospect of Tom Girdler joining the CIO. Nor can it be overlooked that the time still remaining to correct the mistakes of the past is by no means unlimited. The working class faces the immediate necessity of action—and planned effective action—if it is to avoid disaster.

The American labor movement, just coming of age, has matured late enough to profit from the mistakes of the British labor movement. It is insufficient, so the example of England shows (and even more the examples of Germany and Austria), for workers to organize into trade unions and to form a labor party. The trade unions and their political party, Strachey insists, must be led by a "new model" political party: the party of scientific Socialism, of Marxism—the Communist Party. The "new model" party possesses a scientific ideology; it is disciplined, monolithic in organization, democratic, and centralized; it supports and struggles for any and every kind of activity beneficial to the working-class movement; its leadership is qualified and tested, and it is able to give direction and guidance to the working class. On the growth of the Communist Parties throughout the world, on the quality and effectiveness of these parties' leadership of the trade-union movement and the broader political parties of the working class and its allies, rests the hope of democracy to survive and to preserve peace. Finally, on these "new model" parties depends the ability of the working class to slough off the outworn capitalist system for the more democratic Socialist system which will eliminate classes and allow each person to share a peaceful and secure life in accordance with his own abilities.

Without scientific Socialism, without the guidance of a "new model" political party, the labor movement will be unable to transform its environment. It risks, moreover, being itself destroyed by reaction. But the scientific Socialists cannot be content to pose a program. While building its own organization and improving its quality, the party of scientific Socialism—the Communist Party—must "unify and consolidate, by bringing together first the entire labor movement and then the entire progressive, popular forces of the community." In other words, all the forces of progress must come together on a specific and immediate program. Strachey states this program broadly as the defense of peace, democracy, and a national standard of living—what the Communist Party of the United States in its recent convention called the democratic front for jobs, security, peace, and democracy. But, Strachey continues, it is not enough to raise the slogan. It is of pressing importance to implement it and give it life by leading and joining all movements that will realize its goals, even partially, in terms of the struggles of the workers and their allies.

Strachey ends his book with the following answers to his question, "What are we to do?": The labor movement needs the ideology of scientific Socialism—it is up to the Communist Party to supply it and for all progressives in and out of the labor movement to become familiar with it and understand its implications. The Communist Party must help build labor's unity (how necessary this is can be seen in the bitter attempts of the AF of L executive council to split the working class) in order to assure the defense of peace, democracy, and the national standard of life. To this policy, the widest allegiance among middle-class people and progressive forces everywhere, must be sought.

What Are We to Do? is history that leads to action. It is an examination of experience that all progressives should read so that their energy will be redoubled by being directed in the most effective channels. It is a book for every advanced worker; for every CIO and AF of L and Railway Brotherhood leader; for those who would build Labor's Non-Partisan League and the Farmer-Labor Party and the American Labor Party. It does not read like a novel; it is logical, bare, sinewy. But it is unsurpassed as a handbook for those who would give more than lip service to peace and democracy, for those who realize that fascism cannot be defeated in any other way than through unified, unrelenting action of all progressives.

BRUCE MINTON.

Image and Purpose

THE SPIDER AND THE CLOCK, *by S. Funaroff. International Publishers. Cloth, $1. Paper, 35 cents.*

THERE is no democracy of taste relative to literary matters in America, least of all relative to poetry. Writing is judged, as it must be judged by the uninformed and the badly informed, purely by its token value as a success plug. Such things are to be taken for granted.

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the general and from that back again to the personal application necessary to get the most out of a poem.

It is harder to read poetry than it is to read music, even for a completely literate and highly intelligent person.

But when excellent modern poetry, such as that of Funaroff, has to face and overcome besides everything else its dedication to a socially unacceptable viewpoint, then taste breaks down completely. I ask Funaroff to be patient.

So here we have a few good poems, the best characterized by a technical smoothness, a loveliness of jointure in the words—that may possibly seem out of place in dealing with the coarseness of some of the subject matter. But it is the essence for me of what Funaroff does: a verbal facility, an ear for the music of the line which is outstanding, a good outline to the image, and a clearly indicated relationship of the image to the purpose of the poem. Besides, the mind is clear and at ease back of all the rest. All this over against the present-day social impasse.

The result is tranquillity in strife, a direct, unconfused intention, well integrated—that spells final conviction and the peace of mind which it brings. This is the poetic impact: the storm but also the quiet above the storm—good flying weather there. I like that. Funaroff is sure. He sees for the most part the good which poetry has securely in its grasp down the ages—just as good today as ever.

But Funaroff tends to waste his best effects when he forgets, as he does at times, that it is words that are his materials and *not,* as a poet, states of society. It seems strange that no one has grown tired of hearing that said of him to an extent sufficient to make him pay lasting heed to it. Not that states of society and the conditions governing words cannot be semblable but you *cannot* write a poem paying primary heed to social conditions, you cannot write a poem with anything but words, words that will do their part, as much as words can do, for what you wish to put over while retaining the conditions necessary to a poem—if you think that worthwhile. In his ardor to drive ahead Funaroff sometimes forgets that. It is the mistake of a young man—sufficiently counteracted in this case by better work, to indicate that he may, possibly, get over it.

No matter what the "school," a poem implies a specific use of words in a special manner for the attainment of a definite complexion of meaning. It isn't easy. But without it the Marxian climax would resemble a man made of dough. Funaroff accomplishes just that meaning in "The Bellbuoy," "A Worker," but especially in "A Love Poem About Spring." There are other good poems and some not so good in the book. When I don't like a poem it is because it jumps the track. Energy is only wasted when a poem goes with a hell of a lot of noise—into the social ditch. Not that ditches aren't of social value, mind you. Imagine if we didn't have ditches! But the thing is to keep the car, as a car, rolling. We cannot allow ourselves to forget the first principle

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of the Marxian dialectic: to use *poetry,* also, to forward the universal purpose. Poetry, mind you. That's where the emphasis lies. Not to junk poetry wholesale in the semi-comic Wilsonian sense nor to junk it piecemeal through the body of the poem itself. Why, e. e. cummings is a better Marxian than that!

"The Bellbuoy," the introductory poem, gives the key—the sound of that bell over all the tragedy that the sea implies, like the sound of the poems Funaroff asks us to hear in his words.

There's always an undiscoverable felicity in the best of things. To me the fact that Funaroff is so delightful to read, while I cannot discover what makes him put his words together so very simply, so very directly without any strain at all—is the secret! I can think of all kinds of poets who would give their best false teeth to be able to do that.

Take the perfectly clear statement underlying an image in the first widely separated lines of "A Love Poem About Spring." Nothing trite, nothing overstated, never too much. Just enough. That too is good writing. How is it done?

All such things come from inside, from conviction, from ease in the spirit of the man. Not the vaguest wobbling here. He knows what he is about and why. He carries the reader to willing discoveries. Funaroff is interested also, deeply interested, in those discoveries.

Such a well put image, summative of a state of mind, as "unhappy between kiss and kiss," as Funaroff uses it, is difficult to praise. The mind at once says, What's to that? Well, the simplicity of the approach, the natural language molded without strain or distortion to an acute purpose—without weariness or boredom—that a freshness comes of it. That's good writing. And in this case it says everything. Everyone who writes strives for the same thing. To say it swiftly, clearly, to say the hard thing that way, using few words. Not to gum up the paragraph. To know when to quit when you've done. And not to have hangovers of other ideas sifting in unnoticed. Good writing is precisely like good dressing. Bad writing is like a badly dressed woman—improper emphasis, badly chosen colors. But bad writing is also the lack of freshness in the impossible copying of good taste wholesale. Invention, well focused invention—while still retaining clarity of means, honesty of expedient.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

R. Perry

Practical Mystic

SOJOURNER TRUTH: GOD'S FAITHFUL PILGRIM, *by Arthur Huff Fauset. University of North Carolina Press. $1.*

ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET'S volume represents the second attempt of a Negro writer to treat the historical and revolutionary traditions of the Negro people in terms of popular fiction. Differing in style and method from Arna Bontemp's *Black Thunder,* Fauset's book combines narration and psychology to portray Sojourner Truth, the nineteenth-century Negro abolitionist and feminist. The book comes at a time when there is a national resurgence of interest in the Negro's revolutionary past, and it fills a gap in our too meager knowledge of the history of almost one-tenth of the American people.

The first section introduces the mystical and slave-born Isabella, whose children were snatched from her arms and "sold down the river" into slavery. There follows a picture of the religious hysteria which swept New York during the 1830's, a period in which Matthias, a white religious fanatic, played a role similar to that of Father Divine today. Isabella, who later assumed the name of Sojourner Truth because of a mystical experience, was a leader with Matthias in this cultism. She then entered the abolitionist movement to emerge as the Mother Bloor of the anti-slavery struggle, and as one of the remarkable personalities of her day.

An associate of Parker, Whittier, Garrison, and Douglas, and a leader of the underground railway, this Negro woman was a staunch fighter for women's rights and temperance. After emancipation, she traveled throughout the North and South helping free Negro workers in strategic centers to adjust themselves. Upon discerning that emancipation did not fundamentally alter the lot of the Negro, Sojourner Truth came forward with a plan whereby the government was to throw open parts of Kansas as land settlements where Negroes might solve their problems. This plan she proposed in opposition to the current attempt to deport the Negroes to Liberia. Spanning the shame of slavery and the problems of the newly freed Negro, Sojourner Truth's life was lived in the heat of revolutionary change; she died fighting for Negro freedom.

In its analysis of religious and mystical experience, the book falls short of its mark. Because of a scantiness of data, the analytical passages fail to ring true: In speaking of the psychological complexity of the American Negro, Fauset says: "Religion would seem to be an absolutely essential phase of the Negro's constitution; but it is only one phase, or rather it is one aspect of his essentially expressive personality. Another is joy. . . . Where the Anglo-Saxon puritan loses all sense of proportion between moral demands and the right of men to enjoy life . . . the Negro in nine times out of ten takes his religion quite as seriously as the Anglo-Saxon puritan, but substitutes exuber-

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ance and joy for asceticism. The result is that while the puritan is in danger of an overdose of morbidity and neurosis, the Negro is more apt to develop a healthy paganism." Such a statement reveals a confused historical approach and a static philosophy, both quite inconsistent with the aims of the book. Fauset presupposes that man is made up of a set of fixed qualities, which allows no scope for development and change of the individual through dynamic contact with the social and economic factors constituting environment.

What is so romantically called "paganism" in the American Negro is perhaps no more than the result of a badly injured conscious will actively seeking to adjust itself to an environment where the main institutionalized social outlet is a very inadequate church. It is the display of a high degree of consciousness and striving under the most unfriendly conditions that makes for the beauty and significance of Sojourner Truth. After eagerly accepting Matthias as God, hoping by doing so that the lot of the Negro would be altered, she was not discouraged when this mysticism failed, but turned to face a higher and more material form of struggle: abolition. Unable to free herself of her religious mysticism, she used it as a weapon with which to realize her own heroic will in the struggle against slavery.

Let there be no doubt as to the importance of this book. Although a broader treatment of the subject in a less dated style would have been welcome, it stands with Arna Bontemp's *Black Thunder* as a pioneering effort, and it is sure to have a wide influence upon later Negro biography.

RALPH ELLISON.

Victorian Theater

FANNY KEMBLE, A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN, *by Margaret Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. $3.*

FANNY KEMBLE was an artistic genius whose long life was filled with great accomplishments and also with colorful participation in the social and political life of England and America. She was one of the greatest actresses of her time in her youth, and in middle age she became a famous reader of Shakespearean plays. She was a playwright and a powerful prose writer. Her chronicle of life on her American husband's plantation, *A Residence of a Georgian Plantation,* belongs in the top rank of anti-slavery literature. A daughter of one of England's outstanding theatrical families, she was the intimate friend of many of the distinguished people of her time and yet possessed and cultivated the rare ability to mingle with fishwives and slaves.

Miss Armstrong has succeeded in writing what is on the whole a very satisfying biography. The book is weakest in its interpretation of Miss Kemble's theatrical life and in

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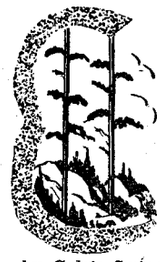
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its lack of sufficient information about the theater in which she worked. It is particularly strong in its intelligent portrayal of the socio-political background of the period. Miss Armstrong has recreated Fanny Kemble's colorful personality in relation to the society of her time. She studies the emergence of the industrial revolution and the great mass movements around the Reform Bill of 1832 as these affected Miss Kemble and the circles in which she moved. The chapter entitled "Fanny Rides the 'Iron Horse'" is a priceless social study based on a letter of Fanny Kemble to her friend Harriet, in which she describes in a little prose classic her first ride on a train under the gruff eye of no less a person than Stephenson himself.

Like many intelligent actresses today, Miss Kemble was involved in the stirring fights for social progress of her own time and her biographer must herself have been struck by astonishing parallelisms which Miss Kemble's life suggests. Let the Napoleonic era relate roughly to our World War period and make Fanny Kemble some thirty years old today. And let the Reform Bill of 1832 equal some of the more progressive measures of the French People's Front or the Roosevelt administration. Let the anti-slavery agitation parallel the anti-fascist movement of today. To sharpen up the point, let us recall that Fanny Kemble's brother, John, was a member of the Cambridge Apostles, a "radical group burningly aware of social problems, eager to right wrongs." John, like many of us today, believed that "the main thing was to raise the condition of the working classes." And, like our Abraham Lincoln Brigade boys, he practiced his belief to the point of going to Spain, after evading the English police, to help in the attempt to overthrow the tyrant, Ferdinand VII. And, finally, let us recall that Miss Kemble's book on American slavery helped to win English sentiment from sympathy and assistance to the slave-holding rebels to neutrality in our Civil War.

These parallelisms arise out of Miss Kemble's life and are instructive, for they demonstrate that in a period when the theater was divorced from life as it has never been since, its artists did not fail to participate in the great struggles of their times. The record of the nineteenth-century theater in this respect is long and honorable, and progressives might well do some research in this field. We might recall that the greatest actor of them all, Tommaso Salvini, interrupted his magnificent career to fight as a volunteer with Mazzini and Garibaldi. There are many others whose lives, like that of Miss Kemble's, serve as glorious predecessors to the theater workers who are fighting for progress today.

MARK MARVIN.

Marantz

Cornwall and the South

LAND WITHOUT MOSES, *by Charles Curtis Munz. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*
END OF CORNWALL, *by Richard Preston. Vanguard Press. $2.50.*

THE deterioration of men caused by the deterioration of capitalism is the theme of both these novels. *Land Without Moses,* Mr. Munz's first published novel (he wrote three others for practice), deals with the cotton land of the South. In the story of Tamp Moten and his son Kirby, there is concentrated the tragedy of ten million persons who are in the grip of the sharecropping system. Tamp Moten, himself the son of a sharecropper, has been in debt for fifteen years to Aaron Longnecker, the plantation owner. Perhaps one year on settlement day he climbs a little closer to being out of debt, and he celebrates by bringing home a bag of peppermints. But almost every year he sinks deeper into the hole, pushed down by the economic futility of tenant-farming and by the landlord's frequent use of the "crooked pencil" in figuring his accounts.

In Kirby Moten we have the counterpart of what his father once must have been. He is brave, strong, rebellious, human. He wants to learn, because in the cotton country "if a man doesn't know that two plus two equals four, he's a slave; and if a man does know it, he's on the way to being free." But when his meager knowledge begins to challenge Longnecker, his schooling is cut off. Together with the other tenants, black and white, he makes ill-organized, spasmodic attempts to better his conditions. Every effort is defeated by the croppers' ignorance, by their fear, by the ability of the landlords to split the workers along the color line, by the battery of physical, economic, legal, and political forces, turned against them. Finally Kirby is ground down until his spirit can stand no more, and the vicious process of degeneration that claimed his father and mother begins.

As the outline may indicate, the story is very symmetrically shaped. The writing is rapid and unembroidered, but full of the natural humor and flavor of the "land without Moses." The author does not distort his people; they are real, solid, drawn with the compassion of a man who knows and understands them deeply. Everyone who has read *You Have Seen Their Faces* will want to read *Land Without Moses.* Of as high quality in another form, it is the perfect companion-piece to the Bourke-White, Caldwell book.

End of Cornwall tells much the same

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story. Tregwidden, a composite of several Cornish ports, is the center of the action. On the surface a picturesque little town, it is dissected by the author until its powdery bones and shriveled flesh appear. A rotten economic base and a stagnant social life produce personal demoralization. Some of the characters portrayed are twisted, useless beings; others are people conscious of what is happening to them, who struggle to get at the root of the evil threatening them. One man, after a number of experiences, learns the value of joint action in the solution of common problems. Another, together with his girl, runs away to the big city to find out what's going on in the world, expecting to return some day better equipped to join in the fight.

Most of the people of Tregwidden are essentially good, possessing the same qualities of courage and will and independence as the Cornish of past centuries. But years of oppression have sapped their strength, and lack of a guiding principle and purpose brings their occasional rebellious outbursts to nothing. Yet, as in *Land Without Moses,* we are made to feel that some day the strength that is in the people will free them.

End of Cornwall is more varied and complex than *Land Without Moses,* but it is not as successful. Mr. Preston becomes too exclusively involved in the mental operations of his characters, and gives not enough attention to the concrete actions which dramatize objectively their inner course of development. Consequently, part of what goes on is sometimes confusing and sometimes incredible. Despite this fault the novel is very readable and effective. Mr. Preston has imaginative power and an exceptionally sharp sensitivity to the way men think and feel. He deserves more notice than the American press has given him.

MILTON MELTZER.

★

BRIEF REVIEW

PAVEMENTS AT ANDERBY, *by Winifred Holtby. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.*

Winifred Holtby was an intuitive and gifted writer, whose awareness was crystallizing from a sentimental attitude to one of trenchant satire. Her development as a writer and human being is apparent in this last collection of her stories, edited by Vera Brittain and H. S. Reid.

Perhaps the best and most typical tells of a successful man—successful in business, successful with women—traveling in a first-class sleeper across Europe to Rumania, to complete a business transaction for his firm—International Merchandise, Ltd. This secure and solid man of power is seized in the middle of the night by a stomach cramp. He staggers into the corridor where an attack of vertigo causes him to fall off the train into a snowdrift. And there he is "Little Man Lost" while all the trappings of his personality, money, passport, clothes speed across the continent into the night.

I enjoyed particularly the description of gay Monte Carlo, where the very sea is tamed to throw up colored fountains while the world shakes with economic chaos, and the account of an interview with the head of the British Broadcasting Co., who saves Great Britain by destroying a radio invention permitting human beings to look ahead—"the appalling consequences of a moment's foresight."

HELEN BURLIN.

THEATER

OF THE hundred or more summer theaters in the shacks and village barns of upstate New York and New England there is a huge amphitheater below the Mason-Dixon line that is attracting more persons for a single night's performance of Paul Green's historical drama, *The Lost Colony,* than can be rounded up for the entire run of a regular summer theater presentation.

At each of the four weekly performances of *The Lost Colony* about five thousand persons from all parts of the country are making their way to Roanoke Island, N. C., where it is being presented on the original site of the first English settlements in the New World over 351 years ago. The drama narrates in simple Elizabethan English the heroic but tragic tale of the little band of men and women who came over to colonize the American wilderness.

On looking over the program one is pleased to discover that the cast of two hundred performers is made up mainly of native islanders and fisherfolk who hope some day to produce the play without any outside help. Thirty boys from the neighboring CCC camp are found to be playing the Indians and pioneers, and the principal roles are in expert hands of seven New York City Federal Theatre Project actors. With the exception of these actors and a half-dozen technical assistants, director Samuel Selden has used the native resources of Roanoke.

It all started about fifty years ago when the islanders and fisherfolk got together for the first time to explore a heritage and legend of their own. Ten years later, historical societies extended their cooperation in the presentation of an annual pageant. It was not, however, until 1932 that Green was asked to write a drama to commemorate the events which took place on Roanoke Island in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.

A native of North Carolina, Green went to work digging up original documents, letters, old histories, and maps. Historical groups set themselves the task of reconstructing the original Citie of Ralegh behind stout palisades, following as nearly as possible the rough-hewn building tradition of early America. The site was rebuilt with labor supplied by various agencies of the Works Progress Administration, and there exists today on the island a sixteenth-century village.

In writing this pageant-drama Paul Green has not only made use of native folk material that is indigenous to his section of the state. He has conceived it on the pattern of an epic work, finding contemporary significance in this tale of Roanoke Island. In narrating the heroic struggles of the first pioneers, Green

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expresses the belief that America will continue to exist—in spite of fascist threats—as a nation of liberty and of free men. America is the living birthplace of world democracy.

The show is excellent in every way. Fine, too, is the spirit on the island, a local celebration in which all the islanders—numbering less than one thousand—are taking an active part. It is a people's demonstration of enthusiasm in their history and culture. It is something genuine and vital, striking a new note in a community theater of all the people.

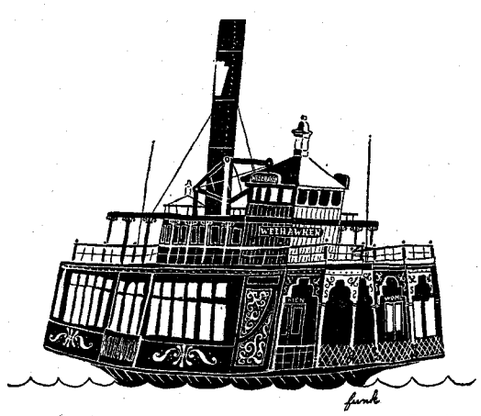
ANTHONY BUTTITTA.

MOVIES

UNDER the direction of Henri Cartier, a documentary film maker of the French Popular Front, Frontier Films gives us stirring news from Spain in its most ambitious production, *Return to Life,* which you may now see at the Cameo. The news (and how we need the camera to tell us of Spain) is of the war behind the lines. The Jimmy Higgins work—youthful workers making bombs in underground factories in Catalonia; welding armored cars in homemade shops; building *refugios* in which to await the steel calling-cards of Mussolini and Hitler—all of the dirty, thankless tasks responsible for the miraculous resistance of republican Spain, are the subject of the film.

The principal news of *Return to Life* is the skillful work of the American doctors and nurses, using American medical supplies, to save the lives of Spain's defenders. From the stretcher bearers, picking up the wounded under fire and returning to ambulances or operating theaters on wheels, back to the final recuperation in the hospitals on the Mediterranean, the medical contributions of America are the main factors. Cartier's treatment of these seaside hospitals, former summer places of the nobility, now named for Alvarez del Vayo or La Pasionaria, is his sharp yet tender camera work at its best.

Here there are wonderful manually operated machines to exercise limbs long in casts, a gentle one that supplies the fingers of a



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broken hand, and there are steel legs for the man who lost his fleshly ones from shrapnel. There is tender care here, a contemplative chess game between Fishman and Hourihan, of the USA, a lively soccer game on the edge of the serene sea. In another white palace are bed-rows of little boys who were vanquished in the streets of Madrid and Barcelona by the intrepid fascist airmen. Franco and his masters have made great victories over old women and little children; museums and ancient cloisters have crumbled before their mighty crusade. The Spanish democracy builds. In the ruins of rococo Spain, a new world is rising. It is this story, unessential to newspaper headlines but the very stuff of history, that unfolds in *Return to Life*.

Recuperation ends, the stiff leg bends, the arm learns again the weight of rifle. The picture ends with a truckload of wounded men, now recovered, going off to the front for another smack at the generals and the imported mercenaries of fascism. With them go the hope and the heart of civilization.

The commentary by the poet David Wolff, shows a further development in the embryo art of expository dialogue in film. The music has been scored by Charles Koecklin, and part is sung by Spanish refugee children in Paris.

Return to Life is a deeply moving work. From it comes the admonitory feeling that we are not doing enough for the people we see in the film. We can send more shiploads of medical supplies, more physicians, more of the best of revolutionary manhood. But flesh and bandage and the surgeon's knife cannot match shrapnel and 1000-kilo bombs, German tanks, and Italian Fiat pursuit ships. Spain's soldiers stand at the front lines of civilization, holding the democratic world as they held Madrid. They must have anti-aircraft guns to rip the groins out of the vultures in the sky, shells to smash the towers of barbarism. It is our responsible task to assure this help before another winter settles on Spain.

Commenting on Robert Taylor's endeavors in the realm of Thespis is like shooting a sitting bird. When our doxy entered his majority and became a he-man, his pictures took on all of the fierce, masculine air of a chest-wig. MGM has found it fitting to lead Mr. Taylor through the prizefight plot. The prizefight plot, in case any of my *aficionados* have been in New Guinea for the last three decades, is the one in which the poor boy fights his way up from the gutter to the blackest type on the sporting page, and along the knockout trail, falls in love with his manager's daughter who is wearing tight sweaters in a ritzy girl's school because her father doesn't want her to know that he is a very low citizen indeed. The melting glances of the girl are better than horseshoes in the hero's glove as he goes on to dump the champ in the last reel. With certain dazzling innovations such as having the hero turn down a championship fight, this is the stuff of Robert's tour of duty. The name, for the record, is *The Crowd Roars*. Put me on the record with an audible groan.

JAMES DUGAN.

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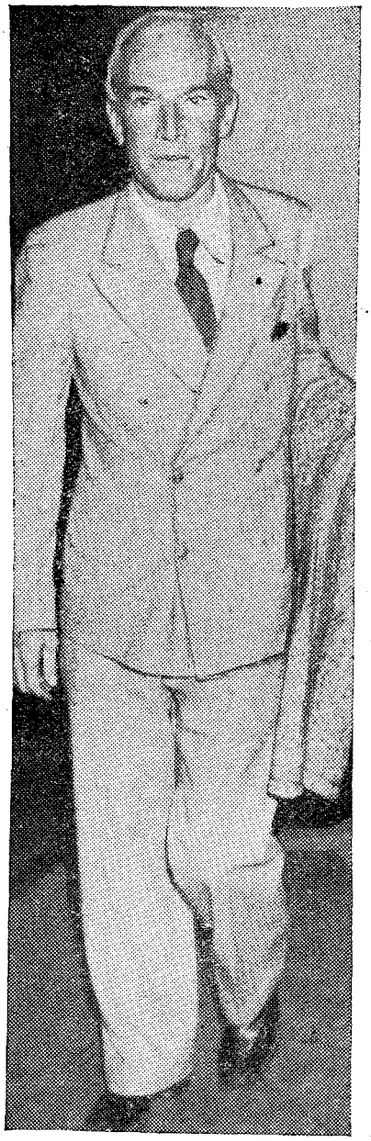

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